

ISSUES & EVENTS

Vol. 4, No. 10 – November 10, 1972

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Returned Georgian Tells All How I fought in the waterbed war...and lost!

John Moyle headed out of Peoria, Illinois, an honest man. A waterbed salesman with principles. But reaching the Missouri and Mississippi forks, he bent a little, as he made the long trek towards New Orleans.

"We thought what with the credibility gap between waterbed salesmen and the public, we would guarantee the life of the waterbed for one year", he said, explaining that the vinyl material which the beds are made from has a life of five years. But the problem wasn't only with deteriorating vinyl. The South, certainly in terms of waterbeds, was out of it, according to Moyle.

"How do you convince a guy that you're selling him a waterbed when it comes in a box the size of a toaster? You just can't do it," J.M. said. The consumer, he suggested, assumed that waterbeds came with the water.

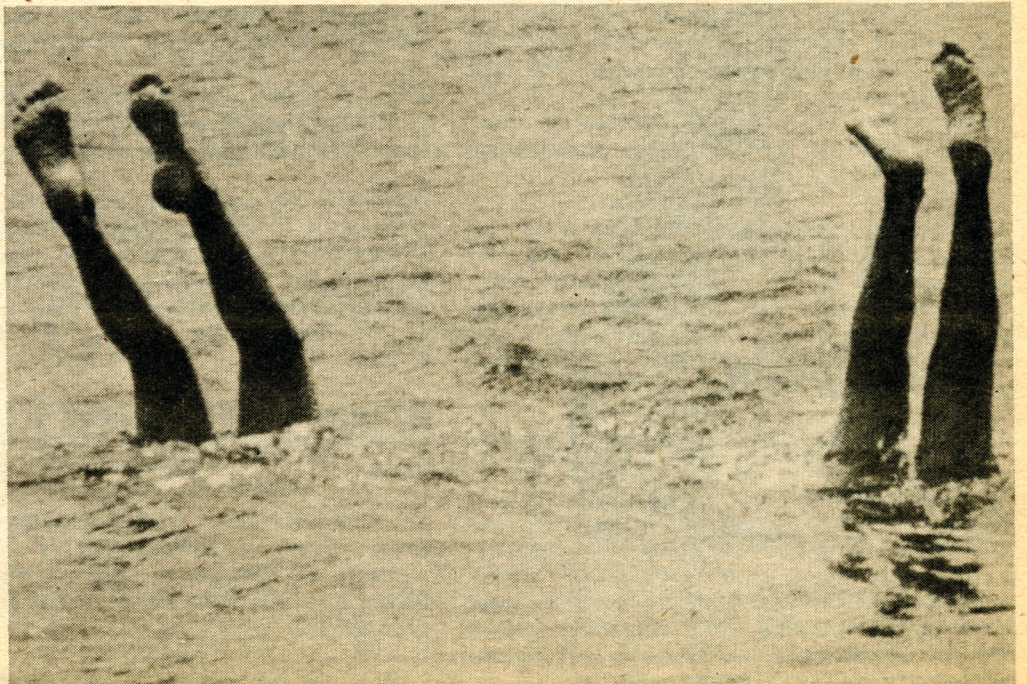
And selling waterbeds filled with water was not an easy thing for J.M. and his partner to do, working as they were out of an old '49 International school bus. What's more the bus had people worried: "Where will they be tomorrow?" prospective buyers would ask. So they decided to make the thing a little more attractive, lowering prices often to just above cost price (at \$8.75) and, through a series of guarantee certificate reprintings, increasing their guarantee to five years.

Things got worse. "Students were too practical, hotel and motel owners were too practical," J.M. explained. "The real waterbed buyer," he said, "was the sort of person who lives in an apartment like Doris Day and Rock Hudson used to have. You can sell one to anybody who wears a maxicoat or anyone who has an afghan."

"But try to find a maxicoat in New Orleans!"

he exclaimed. "People there were all going round in long, pointy alligator shoes, huge stick pins and greased-back hair," J.M. said. After three months of trudging around the Mississippi delta without success, they pushed on to what they hoped to be the greener pastures of Florida. In Sarasota, they ran up against a different problem. Engineers of a newly completed hotel begged them not to push their case with the hotel management because the structure - unbeknown to hotel owners - would have probably collapsed under the weight of the beds which, incidentally, weight one ton. "It was like the situation in Waterloo where they built this million dollar library building but didn't consider the weight of the books," J.M. recalled. Apart from the immense weight of the structures, there are other problems which manufacturers haven't, it seems, taken into account. While some

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"The real waterbed buyer was the sort of person who lives in an apartment like Doris Day and Rock Hudson used to have."



He used to sell social projects

John Moyle has had a curious sales career all right, but it didn't start at selling water beds. Curiously enough, or perhaps not, it started selling a pre-teen summer day camp project to Boston parents in suburban Cambridge.

The project, significantly named 'Challenge', was directed at helping underprivileged kids improve or learn new skills in a freer environment than the formal setting of the school classroom. As part of a team of fifteen counsellors, he helped in the fund-raising, publicity and teaching side of the program. In the process of trying to get some scratch together, by writing to the multifarious foundations and individuals of cash import like Dr. Henry Kissinger and the Kennedys (all of whom had apparently committed their donations elsewhere), he came up with a number of agencies with pretty curious requirements for passing the need test; one in particular stipulated that money accepted from the agency would have to be used only towards the betterment of children born in the year 1955,

and under the sign of Scorpio.

Not only did he have to beg for money to save the project, he had to work his way carefully through the Harvard bureaucracy in order to teach in the program. Under the umbrella of Harvard and Radcliffe (the project worked out of Harvard's Phillips Brooks House, a social centre run by the University, says Moyle, to counter bad feelings in the Cambridge area brought on by University expansion at the expense of community demolition) project workers were supposed to be students of the schools.

"We were competing with lots of other projects - Headstart, Project Whizbang, you name it and there would be a project," J.M. said. "And the mothers would come around with their kids as if they were shopping for running shoes, asking 'what have you got that the others haven't got?'"

What, then, did the project have to offer? According to Moyle there were classes in a range of areas

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"But it was an unwritten rule that if there was any discipline to hand out to the black kids, it was done by blacks."

A perplexed look at a perplexed conference on resource perplexities

Confusion, hypocrisy and a hint of technocratic conspiracy marked Canada's first nation-wide "people's" conference on resources management at Montebello, Quebec last week, according to four Montreal delegates from Sir George.

Philosophy professor Paul Germain and three of his students, Martin Stillman, Neil Smitheman and Guy Ouellet, have just returned from the week-long "Man and His Resources" workshop with piles of videotapes and feeling of frustration. They criticized the organizers, the Canadian Council of Resources and Environment Ministers, for their poor management of human resources at the conference. There was too much emphasis on procedure to allow for any worthwhile participation, Stillman said.

There seemed to be meeting after meeting but very little progress. When they first arrived, delegates were assigned to "cross-section" groups where they chose preliminary issues for discussion. From there they were herded into plenary session to choose the "issue group" in which they wanted to participate.

The ratio of government officials and technocrats over elected delegates was approximately 15:4, the Sir George group claimed. This not only made it difficult for many to comprehend discussion, but it influenced the election of group representatives. Following discussion, each "issue group" elected a representative to attend another meeting where a statement of the final twelve issues was drafted. The Sir George group said delegates were refused admission to this meeting of representatives.

The intention of the Montebello conference was to select twelve issues which, in the judgement of people from across Canada, were the most important. These problems were to be studied thoroughly by task forces, and policy guidelines were to be handed to the country's eleven resource ministers at a Toronto conference next year.

A motion to have at least one delegate work with the experts on each task force was deferred for procedural irregularities, and was never brought before plenary session again, Germain said.

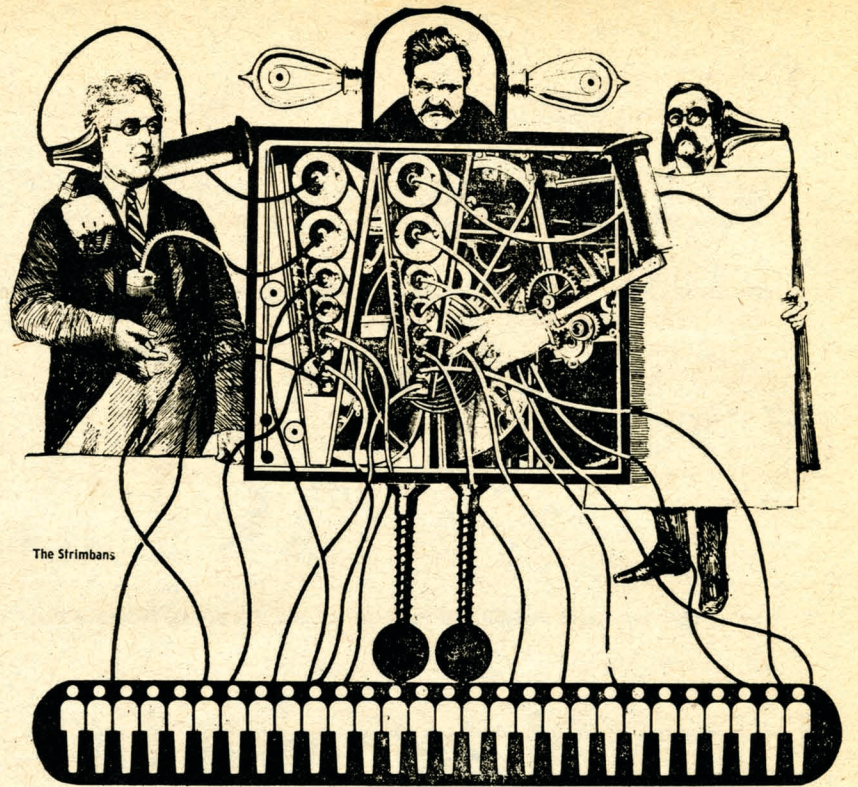
Hélène Lajambe, president of Société pour vaincre la pollution, walked out of the conference when she learned that James Bay would not be discussed.

Another group broke off, ideologically, from the main body of the conference to form the Cell Montebello. They condemned the capitalists and technocrats in pamphlets stamped with an insignia bearing strong resemblance to that used by the FLQ. In this case the bonhomme's rifle sprouts flowers.

By Thursday the meeting turned to chaos, and many frustrated delegates walked out amidst shouting.

The conference was full of entertainment, the Sir George delegation remarked, but it failed in its original goal, to allow for public participation in decisions which will affect Canadian resource management.

Perhaps the real purpose of this conference and



The Strimbans

other "people's" conferences was more accurately put by one of the Montebello delegates in a pamphlet at the conference:

"It seems there has been a serious communication break which has undermined the purpose of this workshop. Everyone here has probably noticed and felt the lack of conflict, the lack of real issue questions being brought to light. This whitewash technique has been used all along to keep the concerned public quiet. The workshop has been used to silence the public rather than allow them to participate. Could it be that "Public Participation" is the latest catch phrase in a government attempt to keep the public ignorant and quiet? This very hotel seems to have been used to pacify and remove the citizen environmentalist from the problem he faces everyday at home. After all, who could be an adamant critic of a system which provides such beautiful surroundings and bourgeois food to its critics."

"Could it be that 'Public Participation' is the latest catch phrase in a government attempt to keep the public ignorant and quiet?"

waterbeds continued

say that it's fun to tussle with your mate, getting up the next morning is necessarily done in unison. Like it or not, according to Moyle: "As soon as one person gets up, a great wave knocks the next person, often to the floor." And then of course they can easily spring leaks turning an evening with a promising beginning into a miserable experience. And it's not just a case of little Johnny wetting beddy-by.

"It can turn a bed into a wading pool," J.M. said. And the only way to get rid of the water is to siphon it out and unless your bathroom or kitchen sink is on a lower level, it presents problems. "You remember," J.M. inquired, "seeing a guy pointing a hose out of a fourteenth floor apartment window? Well, there's a guy with a leaking waterbed."

Moyle, who's travelled pretty well the length and breadth of the habitable parts of North America, down to the depths of Mexico, first caught on to waterbeds through what seems in retrospect an undernourished philosophy which briefly stated meant that because man was largely composed of water, he should sleep on water, rather than an unorthodox mixture of mattress stuffing. One of the first arguments to prick this theory was that the water had an average temperature that made sleeping on it rather closer to sleeping on marble than mattress stuffing and required an heater (costing an additional \$20).

How are waterbeds made, we asked the veteran salesman. Out in California, they're hustling up a storm, gumming sheets of Union Carbide vinyl together with anything they can get their hands on: "There are hundreds of waterbed factories, all run by freaks using irons, hair curlers and anything that will melt plastic," he said.

It soon became more than apparent for old J.M. that the whole trip was little more than a bad bit of California dreamin'. "Hell, towards the end we were giving the things away, begging people to take them," J.M. said. "We were not only giving them away we guaranteed them for 25 years. After all, where was I going to be in 25 years!

Several months later, after a trip through Mexico which was plagued with stomach problems, and a new engine purchase for a much wearier school bus, he found himself back home, in Montreal and in Commerce at Sir George.

Not so much to find out what went wrong with his water bed business but to try something new: "I'm still a free enterpriser after all."

Waterbed Blues

by Tom Miller

Malcom Coors, a University of Arizona grad student in Economics, became the first fatality of the waterbed fad sweeping nouveau-riche longhairs. He had been watching a late night talk show on his tiny Sony television, which had frayed electrical connecting wires. The set fell into a puddle — the result of his cat clawing at the waterbed — and he was electrocuted. The electrically charged water seeped up and surrounded his body before he could reach safety. Coors would have been 23 two days later.

Ironically, he had just completed writing a paper for his "Economics and Culture" class on the waterbed price war. The paper, entitled *Price and Quality Factors Affecting Cost of Liquified Mattresses: A Ten City Sample*, had been sold to publisher Lyle Stuart, who had planned to release it this fall under the title *The Sensuous Waterbed*. The publishing house has made no comment on its plans now that the author has died.

Coors' economics professor, Cynthia Kessler, said the paper demonstrates how the price war on waterbeds, which began in Los Angeles and spread to virtually every metropolitan area in the country, is really no different from practices used daily by large aerospace and steel concerns. In fact, the Coors paper documents a curious parallel between hip-capitalists selling waterbeds and stockbrokers trading defense industry shares. The appendix to the paper, she said, is a description of the waterbed's effect on the user's psyche, sex and thought patterns. Evidently it was this part which would comprise the bulk of the Lyle Stuart book.

Coors (no relation to the brewery family) had purchased his waterbed for \$24.95 at Hydro-Fux Unlimited in Tucson about four months ago. Since then the price has dropped five dollars. The manager of Hydro-Fux, Phil Scott, disclaims responsibility, saying: "I told him when he bought it to put a pad over it for just that very reason. Anyway, we have a 5-year guarantee on all our beds. Wasn't that a bummer, though? I mean, zap, he's gone, you know?"

Realist

projects continued

from sewing and automotive training to drug classes given by junkies. The junkie class, needless to say, wasn't much of a hit with parents; that class among other ones.

One very real problem, something which Moyle and his colleagues gave a lot of thought to, was the fact that two-fifths of the students in the program were black while the teaching staff was proportionally way out of line with only two blacks out of fifteen. "Don't touch me, you honky" was a phrase often thrown at the white instructors by irritated and angry black kids.

"It is impossible not to impose your own values on a kid," Moyle pointed out, "and I could understand in a way the attitude of the black instructors who saw themselves as the people who were going to look out for black interests in the program."

"But it was an unwritten rule that if there was any discipline to hand out to the black kids, it was done by blacks." Moyle said that one of the reasons for the dearth of black counsellors was the total anathema many blacks had for what they looked on as a great white father middle-class trip. Moyle is so perplexed about his whole experience over the two summers he worked on the project that he can't say sure whether that black opinion seems accurate or not.

The one thing he is sure about, though, is whether the project, excluding the race problem, had any possibility of success and his answer seems typical of so many others: "We were beginning to get somewhere with the kids," he says, "but you can't expect much to happen in two months and that's all the time we had."

And that's one of the reasons he figures he's out of it, finished with projects like Challenge, at least for the time being. "I could never really see results," he said, "and at the end of the summer, there only seemed to be complaints about what went wrong."

Ten days' worth of first impressions of Brazil

Brazil is a big country in a hurry: Sao Paulo, one of the fastest growing cities on the two American continents, is already at nine million; Rio de Janeiro, already at over eight million, has to stop growing; Brasilia, like Rome, wasn't built in a day, but in the twelve years since excavators, planners and builders plunked themselves in the middle of the Brazilian jungle, the city has grown to over 600,000.

In the rush to house everyone, huge highrises crush against the shacks of another era; The voodoo traditions of Brazil meet strangely with the onslaught of the 20th century with traditional rites being practiced beside super-highways and on the beaches only a matter of feet away from the sprawling hotel complexes.

As a nation of contrasts, it recently played host to the Eighth Inter-American Congress on Philosophy, perhaps strange considering the nature of its government, a military dictatorship.

Bob Carter, of the Sir George philosophy department, has just returned from the conference held at Brasilia with ten days' worth of first impressions. He spent several days in Rio and several in Brasilia and says it's the first time he has ever attended a conference of the kind without having a visit to the local university worked into the agenda. Strange. But then considering the attitude of the government towards the intelligentsia as a whole, perhaps not.

"I know there was a lot of reaction from some members about holding the conference in Brasilia and I'm sure some of the more vocal people who opposed it never showed up," Carter says.

But as is often the case, there is a great divide between what the intellectuals feel about government and what the common man thinks of the government. "When we were driving in from the airport," Carter begins to explain, "we asked our taxi driver what he thought about the government. He pointed to the new tunnel which we were driving through under the mountain and said proudly 'that is what I think of the government', explaining how the government had improved the economy and the general standard of living."

The modernity of the more recent landscape clashes with the open sewage system that sends effluent down to the white sands of Copacabana Beach, from the shacks clinging to the hillsides; pollution unhappily comes after progress, Carter suggests, but generally industrial pollution hasn't quite reached North American levels.

One of the first things to strike Carter and his colleagues was the total integration of races, with black, bronze and white skins rubbing shoulders with one another, and, Carter suspects, right up the social and political scale. "In fact the only ones who seemed out of place in a way were the gringos, the North Americans who notice these racial things," Carter observes.

Carter describes Brasilia as just the sort of place designed for cars and not for people. The only walking he could manage to do was spent limbering up on medians, preparing to make desperate dashes across the super highways that criss-crossed the capital city. "There are no streets as we know them here," Carter says, also pointing out that there aren't even any stop lights to break up the 60 and 70 mile-an-hour traffic. "It's a highway designer's dream.

"If you wanted to devise a city which was not comfortable in aesthetic terms, you would probably design Brasilia, a city which has the bus station at the geographic center because it represents the heart of modernization in Brazil," Carter says. Apart from this Los Angelian aspect, the city is so carefully planned that it becomes a serendipiter's nightmare, with none of the interesting nooks and crannies found in the hodgepodge of older, unplanned cities. No excitement, no culture, nothing, according to Carter, except the odd bit of interesting architecture.

"One gets the feeling of perfect geometric relationship, rather than comfortable human habitation. Most of the buildings are designed for looking at rather than living in. Some are masterpieces, the most famous perhaps being the cathedral," he continues, "but once inside, it's disappointing with its cold marble floor and marble blocks for the older people; it's a let-down." And the same, Carter feels, can be said of the parliament and many of the other more imposing buildings that make up the capital.

All of the public buildings, Carter says, are guarded by armed soldiers carrying sten guns invariably pointed at your middle if you get too close.

"At the same time, we found Brasilia to be one of the safest cities to be in," he says, "and we were walking around at one and two o'clock in the morning talking to people." Walking around at two in the morning is not, however, to suggest that Brasilia's nightlife is going to rock you off your feet: the city, Carter suggests, closes down around 11 o'clock. Really closes down: streetlights included.



It closes down because there isn't much to keep you awake, with possibly three nightclubs in the entire city (in addition to hotel bars) and three movie houses (mostly American films with Portuguese subtitles) providing what action there is. There is a theatre, the National Theatre, which hasn't yet been completed. But generally speaking anything interesting in the way of music and theatre is imported from Rio and elsewhere.

It's a city, according to Carter, where the mad rush of building has left its soul neglected. The frenzy to establish Brasilia seems to have had its comic turns, like the government order that all diplomatic missions move their quarters from the old capital of Rio to Brasilia in the interior. All

continued page 6

"One gets the feeling of perfect geometric relationship, rather than comfortable human habitation."

Mr. Carter goes to church

Many Brazilians still practice traditional Voodoo rites, says Carter, who spent several days witnessing the evening candle light ceremonies along the Copacabana beach in Rio.

He had an interesting experience one day attend-



ing a Mecumba service during which the 75 or so participants dressed in white danced and chanted in front of several differently coloured figures of Christ. It was both interesting and at first confusing because Carter wasn't sure if he was getting a look at a recreation of a bygone era or indeed a better perspective on what goes on now.

"People taking part in the service, within a half hour after the chanting and dancing began, were beginning to fall into a trance; some with their eyes becoming glassy, and others with their eyes closed, and they shrieked and danced.

"After about an hour, some of us stepped out for a while," Carter continues, "as did one of the Brazilian women philosophers present with us. She stepped a few feet behind and I happened to be facing her at the time when she fell flat on her back with her feet rather stiffly up in the air. She started shaking and moaning before her colleagues went to try to pick her up," Carter continues. "She came very close to hitting her head against a nearby bus, then a wall and at one point pulled herself away very forcibly from two very strong men who were unable to hold her.

"She was just dancing but in an uncontrollable and obviously delightfully ecstatic way and it was a shame that there were automobiles and buses and cement walls nearby." After 15 minutes she was brought back to the door of the church to the high priest, apparently summoned by an assistant. After striking her on the forehead, the priest managed to quiet her a bit and after he said something to her and struck her again, she opened her eyes and came to, Carter says.

"Then she got up shortly and came back with us to the hotel.

"Now she was not part of the service," he explains, "but she was simply one of the Brazilians who have this in their cultural tradition. She was not even a worshipper of voodoo to my knowledge, but from what I was able to gather, the truth of Brazil is that while they are modern and very much aware of modernization on the one hand they are very far from what the North American would consider modern in terms of their spiritual heritage and in terms of their conditions of sanitation and in terms of the way in which they dance and live a very open and happy life.

"I'm not sure this is a tribute to North America," Carter concludes, "I think it rather may mean that there is still some hope for Brazil in spite of the North American influence."

"People taking part in the service, within a half hour after the chanting and dancing began, were beginning to fall into a trance."

Job possibilities

Food: eateries, kitchen gear

Candles: how to make them

Garbage: how to love it

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3



HANDBOOK

Employment Possibilities

Summer Jobs: The Search Begins Now

When to apply

Now is the time to start thinking about summer jobs. November and December would be well spent in searching for hopeful employers and preparing applications for January mailing. Last year several personnel officers said that, because of the competitive situation, February applications were a bit late. And the competition promises to be just as stiff next summer. On the other hand, December may be too early since employment requirements for the following year are not generally established before Christmas. The best time to apply for summer jobs with most companies seems to be at the beginning of the new year.

Covering Letters

The covering letter is crucial for your application. It should attract the reader's attention in a favourable way. With a careful blend of modesty and confidence, indicate that you are applying for summer work and give an explanation of how you might fit into the company's operations. Outright conceit will probably get you nowhere. Your chances will be better if you not only demonstrate an interest and some experience in the job you are applying for, but also show some knowledge of the company's interests and activities. Their in-house newspapers, and the *Financial Post* and the *Financial Times* as well as trade and professional periodicals such as the *Northern Miner* may be helpful here. Hopefully this professed interest in the company will give the employer some indication, at least, that you may return upon graduation, thus your summer training won't be entirely wasted, from company's point of view.

of companies throughout Canada. While they were intended primarily for graduate students looking for permanent work they can be used by summer job seekers. The Employment Opportunities Handbook and the Canadian Careers Directory are available now, and manpower department's Directory of Prospective Employers for 1973 is expected to be available by mid-January.

City Jobs

The City of Montreal hired about 3000 students last year and one official said they expect to hire about the same number this summer to work in clerical positions, restaurants, park grounds, Man and His World, etc.

The wages are about \$2.00 per hour unless you are employed in a special field such as engineering or architecture.

Applicants must be at least 17 years of age in May, 1973, have a working knowledge of French and English and reside in the Montreal Urban Com-

until early next year. Handbook coverage will be given to any programs when they are announced.

Camps

For people whose primary need is not money, a number of camps in the province hire students for approximately two months during the summer. There are resident camps where staff live on the premises with the kids, in rural areas, and the days camps which are located nearer to the city where staff spend only part of the day with the campers.

The salary range at the average camp is approximately \$175 for the novice counsellor to \$300 for the expert, for the season, including room and board. Day camps generally pay less. Specialists get more in either case.

While the pay is not big, the experience may be worthwhile especially for people considering a teaching career.

The Quebec Camping Association operates a placement service for virtually every staff position — counsellors, maintenance, doctors, nurses, waterfront directors and other specialists. Lists of applicants and the position sought are sent to directors of English and French camps throughout the province. Camp directors then contact the applicants directly to discuss employment.

Applications may be obtained from the Quebec Camping Association (Miss Kelly, 489-1541). There is a \$1.00 fee for the service. Applicants must be at least 17 years of age. January would be a good time to apply if you want to choose among several camps.

Country Clubs

Golf and country clubs hire students in the summer, mainly for service jobs like waiting. The pay varies with the individuals' qualifications and the club. Generally, it's not too much, but includes room and board. Golf Courses Public, are listed in the Yellow Pages. The names of a few private clubs are given below. Address mail to the manager of the club, at the beginning of the new year.

Beaconsfield Golf Club Inc., 49 Golf Ave., Pointe Claire; Royal Montreal Golf Club, Ile Bizard; Elm Ridge Country Club Inc., Ile Bizard, Ste. Genevieve; Hillsdale Golf and Country Club Inc., Ltée., Mtée Ste. Marianne, Ste. Thérèse; Whitlock Golf and Country Club Inc., Ct. St. Charles Rd., Hudson Heights.

Others are listed in the Yellow Pages: Golf Courses-Private.

Part-time Work

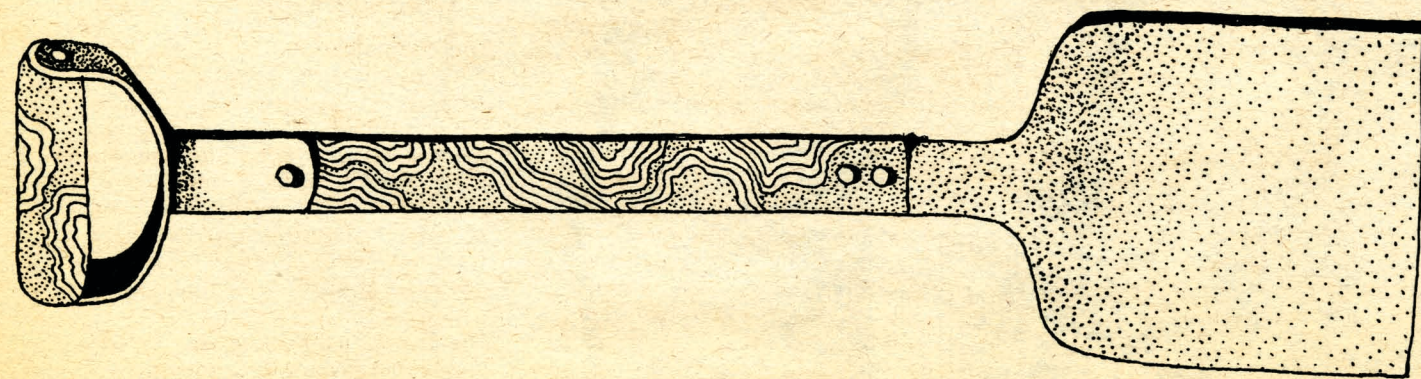
Sir George Manpower

The Sir George Manpower Centre (2020 Mackay St., 283-5177) accepts calls from employers who are looking for students to do temporary and part-time work. These requests are posted on the noticeboard at the above address as they come in.

University Jobs

Sir George hires students for part-time work in the university's bookstore, food services, library, the records and admissions office. The average pay is around \$2 - \$2.50 per hour. The Employment Office tries to match work hours with class schedules.

While the fall would have been a better time to apply for a job, students are welcome to visit the Employment Office (Room 403, 1420 Sherbrooke St. W.) to



How to Apply

There are good and bad ways to apply for a job. You can go to personnel offices and fill out application forms there, but it is not necessary for summer jobs. Writing for a company application form, which you return completed, is better. Phoning for an application, although it is acceptable with some companies, is not recommended in general. The best way, it seems from discussion with personnel officers, is to send a standard application form with a covering letter. This not only saves you a lot of time since the same application can be copied and sent to many companies. But it also takes work off the company's back, and that may be a good thing.

Application Forms

Standard application forms are available at the Sir George Canada Manpower Centre (2020 Mackay St., 283-5177). It is most important to complete the form. They were drafted in cooperation with business and designed to elicit all the information employers need to make decisions about the applicant. An incomplete form could raise doubts, and that is to be avoided.

In the section provided for listing past employment you should put down all previous jobs, including manual when applying for an office position. Employers are looking for willingness to work and a good record of staying with the job. One personnel officer said that listing a job as a paper delivery boy at least shows some willingness to work. With respect to endurance, it may not be wise to list a job that you quit after a short time, without legitimate reasons. A legitimate reason would be that the work was seasonal or temporary. But even for summer jobs, employers may look at the length of time.

In your covering letter state the position you prefer, but at the same time you can mention that you would be willing to do anything, if you feel that way. Bear in mind that companies are looking for people with some practical training to supplement the academic. The type of job experience you have as you get closer to graduation may well have a big influence on an application for permanent positions.

References

For references it is best to list your supervisors from previous jobs. If that's not possible or not practical you can use the names of professors who are willing and able to comment on your reliability, which is what the references are used for. A couple of personnel officers said that references are not usually checked unless the application is not straightforward.

Follow-up

Most companies will acknowledge your application by letter and tell you that they will contact you at some future date should they have anything for you. If the company has not contacted you when they said they would or they simply haven't acknowledged the applications, you would not be out of place for inquiring about possibilities after a reasonable period of time (usually around Easter).

Appearance

Regardless of your personal sentiments, appearance is important because many personnel officers form lasting impressions on this basis. They may be more liberal than they were a few years ago about length of hair and dress, but most can't appreciate bare feet, faded jeans with coloured patches, and hot pants. (The code is less rigid of course for manual positions.)

Prospective Employers

The Sir George Canada Manpower Centre has manuals listing names and addresses

community. Students who have been here for the academic year would qualify as MUC residents.

Application forms will be available at Room 416 in City Hall (275 Notre Dame E.) starting January 15. The deadline for application is March 15.

Most cities on the Montreal Island also hire students for the summer. Contact your local city hall.

In addition to the city-administered jobs at Man and His World, private concessionaires do their own hiring. Concessions won't be awarded until next year so the list probably will not be available until February or March, when you can try calling Man and His World-Information, 872-6222.

There is a slight chance that foreign nationals will get work in the pavilions of their native country. Apply at the appropriate consulate when foreign participation at Man and His World is made public next year.

Provincial Jobs

The Quebec government will employ students in office and manual jobs next summer. One Government spokesman said the pay varies with level of education but university students can expect to get around \$2.00 per hour.

Applicants must be 18 years of age, be Quebec residents and have a good grasp of French and English. Application forms will be available at the Sir George Manpower Centre sometime in January, one official said.

Jobs Canada

With Trudeau back in power another program of federally-sponsored jobs appears likely but details are not expected

leave their names on file so they can be called if a position becomes vacant. There is a moderate turnover of employees in food services and occasionally in the library.

Student Union

It's too late for this year, but the Student Union (1476 Crescent & de Maisonneuve) hires students. Those interested should contact the Union's Building Manager just prior to the fall term or shortly thereafter. The manager's office is located in the back of the building.

Student Enterprises

Enterprising students in at least two universities have had some success in creating employment for themselves and their colleagues. Ventures range from those requiring lots of initial capital, such as gas stations with an ecological twist and honest mechanics, to less ambitious, but often no less lucrative ones like typing services, income tax form assistance, catering and bartending for university and private parties.

Students' Association Secretary, David Saskin said he would be willing to discuss any ideas. Advertising can be crucial to new projects, and the publications office (879-4136) is willing to give assistance here.

Taxis

Taxi driving in Montreal can net you between \$20 and \$35 for a twelve-hour shift. You can work during the day or night, and your time is pretty much your own provided you pay the \$12, or thereabouts, to rent the car.

To qualify you must be at least 21 years of age, have a chauffeur's license (Quebec Permit category 1), have some knowledge of the city and be passably bilingual.

If you meet these requirements, take your license and two passport photos (you will be expected to keep the same appearance) to the Department of Privileges and Permits at 755 Berri St. (Room 755) on a Monday between 8:30 and 4:30. There you will fill out an application and have your fingerprints taken.

The purpose of fingerprinting is to check on your criminal record. Officials declined to say what kind of crime could prevent you from getting a taxi permit but they gave the impression that it would have to be very serious.

Next is an exam which includes a verbal language test and a multiple choice questionnaire on Montreal geography and landmarks. A little homework with a street map should acquaint you with the main thoroughfares, hospitals, major hotels and restaurants, etc. which you will have to know. The exams are given Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

You must wait two or three weeks for the results. If you have failed, you can take the exam again after thirty days.

If you passed the exam you pay \$5 for the permit. You will be directed to one of the taxi associations to register, and book a car. You are then a cabbie.

Substitute Teaching

The Protestant School Board of Montreal requires, on average, sixty people every day to fill in for teachers who are absent. The pay is \$20 a day less the normal deductions.

Apply in writing to the Board's personnel office for an application form. Once that is completed and returned you should be asked in for an interview.

One official said that since high school substitutes are in greatest demand, they prefer to hire third and fourth year students, but this is not a rigid prerequisite. He made it clear that substitute teaching is not a baby sitting job and that he was interested in people who would be willing to give the classes "some kind of instruction". It did not have to follow the regular curriculum. He said priority would be given to those who demonstrate an interest in teaching as a career.

French and physical education departments need substitutes most often. For phys. ed. it is only necessary that you know your way around the gym.

The system works on a daily "call" basis. A person who is accepted will be given a code number to identify his or her particular qualifications. A dispatcher will call the night before the substitute is needed.

Industrial and Office Overload.

These related organizations hire people to work in offices or industries which temporarily lack staff. Apart from the pay, some of the jobs provide first hand experience of automation and alienation in progress.

One spokesman for Office Overload said they always need typists. They also hire people for clerical work. She said pay would only be discussed with applicants, but it would have to meet the minimum provincial wage of \$1.60 per hour. Some jobs are temporary and some require people only a few hours a week.

Phone 861-3561 or visit the office on the plaza level of the Esso building at Place Ville Marie to make an appointment for an interview.

An Industrial Overload spokesman said there is a daily need for men and women to do generally unskilled work during the week and occasionally on Saturdays.

He said Kraft needs people everyday from 3:30 to 12 midnight. Bell telephone is another big employer.

The women are usually put to assembly work, sorting out peanuts as they come down the conveyor belt, that kind of thing. The men usually work in shipping, loading and unloading cargo. Or they may be sent out with a road crew.

The minimum pay is \$1.60 per hour but it is often closer to \$2.00. Industrial Overload usually works on a daily basis — first come, first served—although some companies want the same people regularly. People have been known to get regular part-time work with a company after they have worked with it long enough to demonstrate competence, but that is a rare occurrence. A drawback to many job opportunities is that they start at six in the morning.

Apply in person at 615 Craig St. W. (878-9826).

Hospital Sitting

Men and women are "always needed" to sit with patients and do related chores in hospitals, a spokesman for a sitting agency said.

The pay for an eight-hour shift is \$11.55 less normal deductions. Applicants must be available for one weekend day and at least three shifts per week, although they may not have to work all three every week. There is a choice between day and evening shifts. Applicants must have a private phone.

To apply, phone 482-3171.

Basketball Referee

People with some interest and experience in basketball can make a few bucks reffing games next winter, provided they pass the gruelling written and physical exam. It's too late for this season, but every year the International Association of Approved Basketball Officials starts a clinic around the 25th of September (watch Sports section of newspapers for ads). Those who obviously have no potential for the task are screened and cut after the three-day session. Those who pass, go on to follow the course. In November there is an exam, both written and on the court. Participants who get at least 86% marks qualify. Those who don't will have to try again in succeeding years.

The pay for referees varies according to their expertise and the league they ref. The inexperienced would probably referee the lowly leagues and earn about \$4 or \$5 per game, while the top refs would get about \$20 for the top teams. One official said a person could referee between 100 and 125 games in a season, depending on his availability and qualifications. A less experienced ref would get "considerably fewer" games. He said he hoped people would become referees more for their interest in the game than for the money.

Applicants must be at least 18 years of age. For more information, contact Barry McGee, secretary for Board 106 of the IAABO, 683-6254.

Hockey Referee

Anyone who is at least 18 years old, can skate reasonably well and who has had some experience as a referee (for example, in the parks) may be able to make some extra cash. But the competition is stiff, as there are many more applicants than jobs. Applicants will be tested on the rink and in the classroom.

The pay is \$12 for senior league games and \$10 for junior and bantam games. One official said a good referee, who shows interest and ability, can do as many as four games per week. He also said that students are notoriously unreliable. He wanted people who were in the business more for hockey than for money.

It may be too late for this year, but there may be some openings during the season. Anyone interested for this year or next should write to Mr. Matt Benoit, 4920 Mayfair Avenue, Montreal 265, stating age and experience (not necessarily professional).

Snow Removal

Last winter the Sir George Manpower Centre had a number of requests for students to work with snow removal contractors. Notice of jobs this year will be posted on the CMC notice board as they come in.

Sports Shops

Sporting goods stores, especially those selling ski equipment, often take on part-time help. Murray's Sporting Goods (1440 McGill College) may have some openings. Arlington, being large, may need people (1410 Stanley St.).

Soliciting

If you have no qualms about phoning households to convince them they need subscriptions, a certain Mr. Russell (282-3299) will pay \$1.60 per hour plus commission to anyone who will push *Gazette* subscriptions. Applicants should be prepared sit at a telephone for a minimum of twelve hours per week. There is a choice among three shifts: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 1 - 5 p.m., 5-9 p.m.

The Y

It's too late for this year, but every August the Y.M.C.A., Y.M.W.H.A. and the Y.W.C.A. begin hiring part-time staff for the winter program.

Christmas Work

Department Stores

Most of the large stores and many of the smaller ones hire extra staff to meet the Christmas shopping rush. They will need people to work during the day, from 6 to 9 p.m. Thursday and Friday nights and from 9 to 5 on Saturday until they begin to stay open every week-night (around mid-December) when they will need people every night from 6 to 9 p.m.

There was no discussing pay over the phone but even department stores are subject to minimum wage regulations so you can expect something in the neighbourhood of \$1.60 per hour.

Jobs include those of salesclerk and working in the stockrooms. For work of this nature it is probably best to apply in person.

Post Office

If you're free before Christmas, Her Majesty may have a job for you in the postal service. Men will be paid \$2.15 per hour to work with the bags and women will get \$1.90 for sorting. It's shift work so work may be done in the day or evening or after midnight.

Apply at the Canada Manpower Centre (2020 Mackay St.) around mid-December.

Volunteers

The Volunteer Bureau of Montreal (Suite 900, 2015 Drummond St., 844-4442) could use people to work for free in several projects, many of which could be valuable as a complement to the academic side of social science courses. They are particularly in need of male volunteers.

Update Legal Beagles

LEGAL FLASH: Here's a list of recommended lawyers for those who need help but for one reason or another can't get it through the normal Sir George or Quebec legal aid services. Their services are NOT free but a friend tells us they are reasonable fellows. Those listed below are not obliged to accept cases.

Jacob H. Woloshen - 844-3463 or 931-3629
Sonny Mass - 866-4728
Gilles Trudel - 849-5754
Mark Feldman - 878-2631
P. Cloutier - 842-1833

Is There Any Such Thing as a Good Cheap Restaurant?

Though we'd like to be the ones to reveal a goldmine of nice little restaurants, with cheap but wholesome food, and right in the neighborhood handy for lunch, we've become more and more convinced that though there may be a goldmine in the sky, downtown Montreal has been blessed with only a few nuggets at best. If you've ever cooked for yourself (or are used to reasonably competent home cooking), it's not easy to resign yourself to instant mashed potatoes and overcooked canned vegetables. And to add to the taste and quality (or lack of it) is the price. No restaurant can serve you a meal it wouldn't be cheaper to make yourself, with the possible exception of taverns. Of course, life being what it is, we haven't always got time or energy to cook. But our forays into nearby restaurants in the last few months, in search of goodies for Handbook readers, leads us to wholeheartedly support the philosophy of Howard Greer, the man who

brings you the guide to kitchen gear this week and further suggestions for cooking at home in issues to come. Maybe Helen Rochester enjoys her job of restaurant criticism; but if she had to deal exclusively with eateries for the low budget, she'd probably go back to carrying sandwiches. We're not sure the ritzy restaurants do much better.

Downtown lunch spots

But enough carping. There is one place that can be recommended without reservation. It's **The Happy Wanderer, 1923 St. Catherine West, near Fort**. First of all, the food is good. The \$1.24 specials are good and so are the more expensive ones. There's a fairly wide range of specials daily, and always something for \$1.24. For that price you get a delicious home-made soup, all the bread and butter you want — just ask, a salad, the main dish, coffee and dessert. The salad isn't just a bunch of lettuce

with Kraft dressing, either. They're imaginative — sometimes it's pickled beets or, even more yummy, marinated carrots, and always it's with their own dressing. Their goulash soup is great on a cold day, but even if you hit them on a consomme day, it's good consomme. Again, the soup is always their own. Their mashed potatoes are real, unlike some other places we know. Desserts aren't any more inspired than anyone else's, but if it's butterscotch pudding, it's not the uncooked instant kind; and if it's ice cream, they take the trouble to put whipped (not Reddi-Whip) cream on top; and if it's fruit salad, it's fresh fruit. We have yet to find a place that comes up to it, though heaven knows we've looked. If you find a place as cheap, the food isn't as good, and if the food is as good, it's not cheap. Besides, not many daily specials include a salad. Servings are generous. Fort & St. Catherine might sound too far on a wintry day, but it's worth it. Their closing hour sometimes varies, but it's not usually before 10 p.m. If the slightly tight seating downstairs bothers you, you can eat

upstairs at night in a pleasant wine-garden-y atmosphere. They're licensed.

Closer to the concrete campus is the restaurant in the **Montreal Museum of Fine Arts**. Its virtue is its atmosphere — in the Stable Gallery, with a fairly brisk turnover of young Montreal artists' shows surrounding you while you lunch. Food is served cafeteria style, with friendly people behind the counter. Sandwich prices are average — cheap, but they have unusually cheap tomato sandwiches (with good thick slices of tomato, at least in season). They offer one meal each day for \$1, soup is extra for 24¢. The soup is homemade, and varies from being absolutely delicious to too greasy, but good on average. Meals are usually good, again with the occasional pitfall of greasiness, but less so than most places. They've got a pretty good selection of pastries. It's a nice place to sit and talk or read. They close at 4:30 p.m. Go in the main museum entrance and follow signs for the café (in the back and up a flight of stairs). If you don't arrive by 1 o'clock, they may be all out of hot meals.

A Guide to Basic Cooking Gear

What forces first drove ancient man to cookery? Boredom? Scientific curiosity? The pursuit of novelty? Puzzling questions, though not beyond all conjecture, as Sir Thomas Browne said of the song the Sirens sang. Possibly, from what we see in our own situation, mere motives of economy may have urged our ur-cook to eat a meal that although it had fallen in the fire, was still too good to throw away. At any rate, cookery still goes on, whatever its origins, and few of us escape induction into this ancient craft. There was a day, certainly, when gentlemen refused to admit they knew which side of a frying pan was up, and their lady wives confessed, dimpling coyly, that they could not boil water without burning it. Culinary ignorance was the identifying brand of a castle, like a Brahmin's triple cord and vegetarianism. Now the Brahmin's grandchildren wear baggies and eat hamburger; the grandchildren of the ladies and gentlemen fry eggs on electric irons in roachridden bed-sitting-rooms.

The forces that drive us moderns to cookery are many and varied: simple poverty — either the permanent or the periodic pre-pay-day sort; the grinding ennui generated by restaurants and cafeterias, with their monotonous fare of public food and public faces; the fighting instinct, that urges us into battle against the cost of living and the food-industry rip-offs; and a further range of alleged yearnings for everything from creativity ("Look, look! I've made a scrambled egg!") to identification with the proletariat ("It's cabbage soup. Karl Marx loved it. You'd prefer vichyssoise, I expect?").

An alimentary allegory

I personally incline toward an allegorical presentation insofar as my own situation is concerned — imagine for yourself my Bankroll: delicate, wispy, greenish-blond (none of your lush reds or purples here), timorous, and with every nerve too close to her translucent skin. Very much the jeune fille bien élevée, she is the last sweet daughter of an ancient but deteriorating line, who can list among her ancestors, very noble but very dead, names like Brazilian Traction and Gunnar. Then imagine the importunate suitor, Adequate Nutrition. Though brash and bouncing, Nutrition is by no means a villain. There's not a mean bone in his body. A proper, strapping lad, but coarse, dearies, coarse. Poor little Bankroll, with this great oaf in hot pursuit, day in, day out, feels herself more and more frazzled. Sleepless in her narrow bed she recalls horrid, hairy-chested cordialities, meaty allurements, flaunted muscularities. On the darkened ceiling the shadows shudder and regroup. Oh, Heaven! What plebeian vigour, what gross seductiveness presides in this vision of the cavorting Nutrition, frisky, full-bodied and naked as a jay-bird.

To cool this allegory to a point at which none of us becomes overheated, let me say that all is not lost for lonely Bankroll. She does not fling on a filmy cloak and

speed through the midnight streets in yammering submission. Her moans are heard above, and there descends, rather like Peter Pan, and twice as androgynous, a being labeled clearly on an apron-shaped sandwich-board.

Real cooking at home

(not just sardines and carrots clawed out of tins to fend off immediate collapse)

Bankroll perks up a bit, smooths down her high-necked nightie and is given the divine injunctions, the words of power that will defend her in the great work at hand. The vision speaks, and Bankroll repeats gravely:

*Keep it simple.
Keep it clean.
Avoid the fads.*

Everyone wins in this allegory. Adequate Nutrition, viewed by a Bankroll less anemic and distraught, less hysterical and cringing, is now perceived as potential friend and ally, perhaps by times a bit loud and lively, but essentially a very decent chap. Of course I think we all realize that Bankroll is probably psychologically incapable of any full, loving surrender of self, but may still make an adequately rewarding socio-economic adjustment.

And now that the weekly bid for the Nobel Prize in Literature has been uttered, back to practicality: you can save money, eat healthily, and get some chance at creativity by preparing more meals for yourself. The three injunctions are important, though, and either memorize them or have them tattooed on your forearm: keep it simple, keep it clean, and avoid the fads.

Keep it Simple

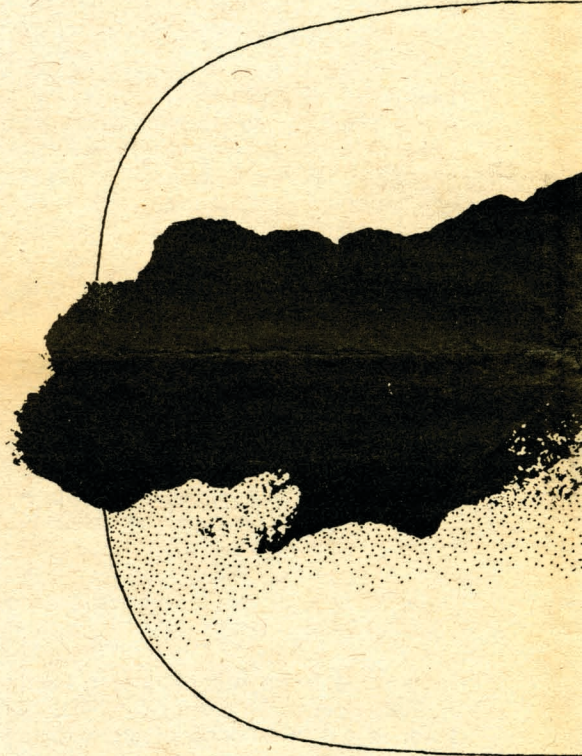
Simplicity comes first. You're not going to save a nickel (in fact you'll go bankrupt) if you've got to have the undeniable esthetic satisfactions of Creusit casseroles and Corning Ware frying pans; timbale irons and pie-crust crimpers. If you are a student newly away from home, just realize that all the gear in Mommie's kitchen took twenty years and many, many dollars to accumulate. We're talking here in terms of pennies. Second-hand and junk shops, rummage sales and war assets outlets have tons of pots, pans, strainers, bowls, plates — name it; they have it, and at relatively tiny prices, usually around a tenth of what you'd pay first-hand. Avoid any place that has arty or antique pretensions; even the odd saucers are marked up to more than Birks would ask. Second-hand electrical equipment is risky, because it's expensive to begin with, and people keep it as long as it works, so often it's been sloughed off because it's worn out. But an electric frying-pan is a marvel of convenience and versatility, if you don't have a gas stove, or even a hot plate. If you have gas, it's an extravagance. So, if you need an electric frying pan, be nice, and someone may give you one. If you can't be nice for long enough, buy it new at a discount house.

The pop-up toaster is a snare and a delusion. The cheap kind that you have to keep an eye on will last for a generation, and the pop-ups usually can't get it up any more than at average five years, and often considerably less. After you have let about ten slices of toast burn, you acquire a sixth sense, except on party nights; so stick to the old folk-ways, and flip your toast by hand.

Blenders, mixers and juicers, unless they are outright gifts, are more bother than they're worth, but if you can get what West Bend calls an electric bean pot, even if you have to pay for it you'll find it's a handy thing. Beans are the least part of its repertoire — chili, pea-soup, lamb stew, boeuf bourguignon, pot roast and more can be started, and safely left to cook slowly, slowly in one of these. Remember, though, and this is no footnote, that even if the bean pot element is small, and its heat low, it will scorch wood or arborite because of the long time the heat is there. Leave it on a couple of bricks, or something equally heatproof. When you come in from a long cold night on the town, you will be entranced to find your boeuf bourguignon burping away cosily to itself. The only explanation I have for this sound effect is the red wine. Non-alcoholic pea soup is silent.

Be Inventive

But here we've been talking about equipment that costs dollars. If you live in a place where the steam radiators get hell-hot during the cold part of the winter, you can do a boeuf bourguignon and other stewed sorts of



Another nearby and cheap place is the **Domino** on Mackay, between de Maisonneuve and St. Catherine. Here too the quality varies, but if you're after a filling meal for around \$1.25, including coffee and soup, you'll be filled. Most of the dishes are rather heavy eastern European — stuffed cabbages and the like. The stuffed cabbages are usually good, but we witnessed a disastrously burned small steak there once. It's very small — you sometimes have the feeling you're interrupting a family argument — but they seem to have a motherly concern that you fill yourself before going off to the hard slog of life up at the university.

Healthful...

If you like health food, and you can probably at least be assured it's not greasy, we're told (and blush to say we haven't been yet) to try **Second Nature at 2130 Bishop**. They've got full course meals for 99¢ weekdays from 11:30 to 1:30.

We have been to **O-pty-zoizo**, Clark corner

of Ontario, where you can fill yourself with healthful treats for around \$1. Too far to walk from SGWU for lunch, but worth a visit. Apart from that, there's not really much on Bishop. The **Annex**, though slightly pricier than places with \$1.24 specials (theirs are more like \$1.50 up) we thought reasonably good till they switched to instant mashed potatoes, and for those prices it's inexcusable. Besides the beer is expensive. Pleasant atmosphere, though, and they show movies at night, occasionally a good one — probably the reason for expensive beer and soft drinks.

And going east, we haven't revisited the Pon Pon on de Maisonneuve between Bishop and Crescent since the advent of their newly-advertised student prices and Greek food — but their prices were exorbitant a month or so ago, and frankly, de Maisonneuve with its myriad traffic and buildings all facing sideways isn't the nicest view to eat by.

Stanley Street has several possibilities. The **Rose Marie**, haven for impoverished

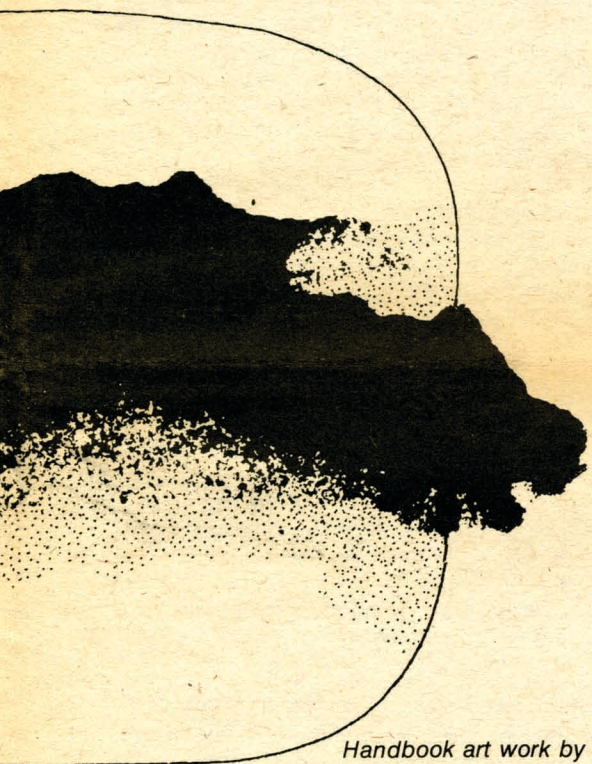
students for many years now, is similar to the Domino in several ways: heavy food, varying quality. Its prices have crept up over the years, but are relatively cheap. It's on the east side of Stanley between Sherbrooke and de Maisonneuve. Across the street is the **Carmen** — good for pastries and coffee (scores of different types), but in the \$1.75 and up range for a full meal (good quality). The atmosphere is warm, despite frequently dour waitresses. Their soups are usually good, but last visit our onion soup was lukewarm.

Speaking of onion soup, probably the best place to have it in the downtown area is the **Pam Pam**, (not to be confused with Pon Pon), further down Stanley across from the back entrance of the Norris Building. Their servings are generous, with lots of cheese and a good broth, and priced well under the usual 90¢ to \$1. Their meals, good in quality, are priced like Carmen's and they too have a good pastry and coffee selection. Unlike Carmen's, Pam Pam's waiters are

almost always jolly, though the atmosphere is a good deal more hectic.

... and not so healthful

We can't in good conscience recommend any of the hamburger — cheap steak-type places abounding on St. Catherine (they're not so cheap anyhow if you add up paying extra for coffee, etc. in many cases) for two reasons (and this applies to hamburgers just about anywhere): Even chains like A & W and MacDonald's, who, according to a **Gazette** article by Pat Inglis, must comply with federal standards, can have hamburgers with up to 34% fat and filler (cereal, milk powder, bread, etc.). And the independent places can do what they want and get away with it, simply because the resources to police them aren't forthcoming. And most hamburgers taste it. That 99¢ hamburger special could be what it tastes like — most filler and fat. (It should be pointed out that this same **Gazette** article suggests next time you have a beef about a breadburger, call the Montreal office of the **Consumer and**



Handbook art work by Sue Scott

things on the radiator, in an empty coffee can. That's the sort of coping that I really admire — authentic flair, genuine panache — and while the delicately-nurtured and well-heeled may raise the eyebrow, still I feel in duty bound to point out that there are other schools of cookery than those represented by Julia Child, James Beard and all that lot. The name of the first man to produce corned beef hash in a foil pie plate over an infra-red heat lamp is lost to posterity, but along with footprints in the sands of time, he has left behind him, in a myriad of dim rooming house hallways, a fragrance of frying onion more enduring than brass.

So just keep in mind that some of the tins can be used. Broccoli and asparagus are better cooked standing up in a narrow pot — a fifteen dollar pot, we are taught to believe — but strangely neither of these poor stupid vegetables knows the difference, and both cook just as well in a tall juice tin with a saucer for a lid. Tins have all sorts of uses, either emergency or routine. With holes punched in the bottom they can be strainers or steamers, to be used once and thrown away, and they make good baking tins for small loaves, puddings and cakes. And we've paid for them, haven't we? You mean you thought you just paid for the beans, and that nice man **gave** you the tin, and the pretty label? No, Virginia, that wasn't Santa Claus, and you paid for the tin, and the label. So get cracking and use that tin. And just guess what you're going to have for wall paper in your boudoir.

Knife know-how

You'll need a knife or so, and here we come into an area of contention so vast and boggy that I offer you a quick dogmatic bypass: there is no such thing as a good stainless steel knife that costs less than a good stainless gold knife. Since this is true, therefore it follows that you will look for a knife that will stain, and will cut, and will leave you with bus fare home after you've cashed your pay check to buy it. There is a great variety of knives available, but what you need is one that fits your hand and your needs. The average person should be able to get by with a straightish blade six to nine inches long, with a riveted handle. A good small knife is useful for paring and scraping, but it's not necessary if you get a general purpose knife that feels right. And you'll need a steel or a stone to sharpen it, and some band-aids for your finger after you've cut it and the lemon both, with the newly sharpened knife. But if you've ever cut your finger with a dull knife, you'll know immediately you've cut it with a sharp one how much better off you are. A cut with a sharp knife is almost painless, bleeds spectacularly and heals easily. Seriously, though, accidents where people cut themselves in kitchens are usually caused by using a knife that is either too big, or wrong for the job, and dull. Dull knives are more dangerous than sharp ones, because they tear and slip, rather than cut, and we are inclined to treat knives we know are sharp with caution and respect. And don't buy a knife that is advertised as having handles of some sort of exotic wood. Nearly always that emphasis is to direct your attention from the trashy blade. Don't worry about the handle unless you're going to hang your knife between someone's ribs, and want to harmonize with socks, shirt and necktie.

Paraphernalia pitfalls

While we're on decoration, as it were, notice, when you're shopping around, how much expensive garbage people buy for kitchens, urged on by their own bower bird, and the merchants' vulture instincts: canisters, pots and pans, knives and mashers and jars, all in sets, all colour-coordinated and all about as necessary as the vermiform appendix. If your kitchen is a converted clothes closet, a bathroom window sill or a redesigned perambulator, don't invest in cumbersome kitsch. What we're concerned with is food, so remember that a set of containers for tea, coffee, flour and so on (that come quite adequately contained already) will cost as much as quite a good roast — around five dollars — or eight reasonably good meals. And the nutritional worth, in times of financial debility, is zero. You can't do a good day's work with nothing in your stomach but a stewed cookie can, even if it did have a parrot painted on it. So again, keep it simple.

What then is the minimum requirement for maximum economy? (The word economy by the way, is derived from a Greek word based on OIKOS: the home, house, hearth, kitchen; in its earliest sense economy meant housekeeping; early housekeeping was mainly a matter of food and so is latter-day housekeeping, when it doesn't let itself get stoned on glossy better-homes-and-gardens hallucinogens).

And now after our passing nod to philology, back to the minimum.

All you really need

First: a sufficient source of heat. If you're paying for it, gas is probably cheaper in Montreal, and quicker to regulate, too. If your cooking heat is included in the rent, you have a built-in motive for making as much use of it as possible. If it isn't included, and the landlord is stuffy, think small: tiny, shy, furtive hot plates, that can nestle safely among your shirts and skirts in a locked drawer or war-surplus footlocker; infra-red lamps and reflecting bowls; electric beanpots camouflaged with Japanese arrangements of back-alley weeds and fronds. Remember, this is war.

Second, containers to boil, steam, fry, poach or grill what you drag back to your lair. (We aren't into the opulencies of roasting and baking as yet.) Be inventive, be unconventional, be **mean**. Remember, it's all hardware, and it's all inedible.

Third: a sharp knife, something you can use to turn a frying egg or hamburger, a slotted spoon or tongs you can use to lift things out of boiling water.

Fourth: some sort of cutting board or boards. Scrap lumber, Masonite, heavy cardboard all will do, but they're necessary for two reasons — it's physically dangerous to hold an onion in one hand, and try to peel it and chop it up with the knife you hold in the other. I have scars to prove that statement. The other reason is that you will find cutting, scraping, chopping and general messing about with food is dirty and destructive to table tops or other fittings, and the smaller boards are easily scraped and cleaned; or if you use cardboard from delivery cartons, thrown away. And don't forget that if you cut down to metal or concrete with that nice sharp knife, it will lose its edge. Males seem to have some instinct about knives, but females, even liberated ones, seem to have none.

With the above assortment, you can prepare the following meal-core for two people for a cost of a dollar and twelve cents.

- 1 avocado pear — .39
- 1 packet frozen string beans — .29
- ½ lb. ground chuck or hamburger — .44

Another twelve cents, worth of onion, seasoning, bread and/or ice cream will bring the cost of what is a reasonably substantial meal for **two** up to the minimum lunch rate for one in most restaurants. It will take about fifteen minutes to halve the avocado, boil the beans, and fry or stew the hamburger, provided you don't blow any fuses. Remember that electrical heating gadgets put a heavy load on the circuits, so you may find you have to serve your beans and hamburger as separate and succeeding courses. But as you finish your meal with a one-cent cup of tea and a 2.8 — cent cigarette, take a look out the window, and the slush-storm you don't have to walk through. Where was the inconvenience?

— Howard Greer

EATING ADVENTURES BARGAIN BOOZING EXPLORING ST-DENIS

Corporate Affairs, 283-5394. Reason number two: those baked potatoes. If you've gotten through the few shreds of lettuce and the breaded burger and wondered why the price was a "special" \$1.19 — or more — don't think you'll find justification for the price in the baked potato (even if it is served with sour cream and chives), or that the baked potato will beat the awful frites. We've yet to taste a decent baked potato in one of these joints. They've either been baked hours ago and reheated or boiled in their skins and thrown briefly in the oven — either way the skin is dust-colored, never golden brown, and absolutely old-tasting. I've no proof, but have tasted lots of suspiciously sweet baked potatoes, and figure they must doctor them with sugar, but we're not sure why. Nutritionists please come forward. If you must have this sort of food, you might as well go to Joe's Steak House. You don't pay that much more and at least you get huge bowls of pickles and all the coleslaw and bread and butter you can eat. But enough.

Keep trying

Good advice is probably to do your restaurant sampling in the spirit of experimentation. Don't go looking solely for good cheap food — make your quest part of weekend exploration of a part of the city that's new to you. (Bring your lunch with you on weekdays). That way, even if you're bilked by the greasy spoon, it won't have been a totally wasted day. To get in the exploring spirit, see Carmel Dumas' piece below on venturing east of the Main. And on your way east (or north of south or **possibly** west) you might investigate what's left of Park Avenue around Milton, both for eats and drinks. **El Gitano**, just above Milton, is a friendly Portuguese place with beer for 50¢ and free entertainment most nights in the form of regulars who improvise with guitars, mandolins and, best of all, lyrics. Meals are good, but in the \$1.50-\$2.00 range.

And a tiny downstairs restaurant on the east side of Park between Milton and Sherbrooke has been highly recommended to us, though we haven't tried it. We can verify that its prices are cheap, and we're told that it's good Yugoslavian food.



If you like Greek food, walk around Park Avenue on the other side of the mountain, above Mount Royal — there are some good delicatessens and bakeries in that area, too. We'd like to hear about your finds. Happy hunting.

Bar Talk

Our advice for bar bargains is similar to that for restaurants. Of course quality isn't quite the concern with booze as it is with food — a Molson is a Molson whether it's imbibed in your living room or in a bar, except of course for the price. But if price and atmosphere are your considerations, jaunts around the city are bound to prove fruitful. And bars tell a lot about the particular neighborhood they're in.

Downtown

Apart from taverns (the best solution for the impoverished male), downtown bargains are pretty well limited to special

hours or days, ruling out an all-night bargain bender. Judging from the crowds, there's probably nobody who doesn't know about the Bistro's happy hour, from 5 to 6 daily, when beers are two for the price of one (65 cents). After 6, the price of one goes down to 55 cents. The Bistro's real name is **Chez Lou Lou** and it's at **2070 Mountain**. No juke box, though. **Sweet Mama's** on Mackay just below Sherbrooke sells beer for 50 cents until 7:30, then it goes up to 60 cents. In general, cheap downtown drinking is best done while the night is young. We've had good reports about the **Blue Angel** on Drummond — they'll feed you free and give you cheap beer on Tuesdays. **Boulevard de Paris (893 St. Catherine West)** ain't Paris to be sure but it offers tasty happy-times offerings of two beers for the price of one. The beers can be consumed in quarts if you're out for family-sized savings. There are lots of other specials, but lest we seem like inveterate barhoppers, we'll let you find the downtown ones for yourself — it's not hard.

Brasseries

If you judged by downtown bars, you'd never believe that draft beer is now legal for women — few places have exploited the possibility of becoming "brasseries". But wander east along St. Catherine around Clark and St. Lawrence and you will find a rash of taverns converted to brasseries springing up, most with banners in the windows proclaiming welcome to ladies. Draft beer sells for 20¢ a glass; large bottles are 80¢ (slightly more than taverns, but certainly better than Crescent Street's \$1.10). Food is cheap, and generally not bad. If you've never been in a grand hotel in a small town or have generally stuck to downtown places, the atmosphere may jolt you with its cross-section of humanity. The tavern television remains, but with the addition of juke-boxes, presumably considered prerequisite for a co-ed place. One place, the **Brasserie Orientale**, corner of Clark and St. Catherine, has a well-used pool table and a decent pizza for \$1.24.

Further east, on Amherst just above Dorchester, is a more elegant (so slightly pricier) brasserie, **La Grange à Séraphin**. Its decor is early French Canadian, with lots of antiques and old and not so old beams. Mugs of beer are 35¢, reflecting the fact that there's nothing whatsoever like a tavern about it. But it's a pleasant place, and women should certainly feel no restraints about going in alone.

Big and cheap

If you're wandering around old Montreal, despairing over the general artsy-craftsiness of the place and fearing chic prices would prevail were you wanting to whet your whistle, there is hope. Try the **Hotel Nelson**, on Jacques Cartier Square. It's mad with youth at night, but large beers are around 80¢, pretty well unbeatable downtown, except of course for taverns. And it's in a nice old building with no pretentious decorations — though they did bow to the recent influx of kids and remove the television that formerly competed with the jukebox, and take out the nice comfy old leather chairs in favor of squeezing ever more people in.

A Beginner's Guide to the "other" Downtown

The "main", Montreal's Saint-Lawrence Boulevard, does more for this city than simply represent its cosmopolitan character. It's the tangible and precise division between the east and the west of Montreal, the line which separates English-speaking downtown and French-speaking downtown.

A couple of years ago, one wouldn't have gone east of Saint-Lawrence to look for frenzy. The west end had all the urban action, concentrated around Mountain and Crescent streets. The rest went to Sainte-Catherine, with its shops and its variety of entertainments. That was before the French-Canadian culture became a very fashionable thing for others and a very real thing for those who were part of it.

Youth invasion

When l'Université du Québec and the CEGEP du Vieux-Montréal opened, the east end of Montreal changed quite drastically. The invasion of youth was reflected everywhere. No need for young French-Canadians to go to the Café Campus or to the Bouvillon, way out around the University of Montreal, to find people like themselves and entertainment they enjoyed. They now had their own corner of downtown Montreal.

In the summer, they took over the Carré Saint-Louis. In no time, Prince Arthur street became theirs from the "main" up to the square. They opened fun clothes shops, handicraft shops, restaurants, and started a theatre group. It was like a French-Canadian version of Yorkville, much more genuinely created by young people than anything the west end ever saw, mainly because the kids also live there. This was to spread all the way down Saint-Denis street, from Prince Arthur to Ste-Catherine.

Something for everyone

St-Denis street has become the centre of cultural activity in many ways. Its cinemas usually present the latest in Quebec movies, the National Film Board's videograph has its offices there as well as the French-Canadian underground magazine *Main Mise* and the photography magazine *Ovo*. Not to mention the various activities taking place in the CEGEP and the University nearby.

But what does one do for entertainment there? Must you be initiated to enjoy yourself on St-Denis street?

The answer is no, if you can enjoy

playing chess in a coffee house, if you like warm "crêpes" with a carafon of wine or if you just like to sit around and watch, maybe admire a photography or a painting exhibition.

Food for gourmet and gourmand.

Here are some friendly places. Up near the Carré St-Louis, on Prince Arthur, there's the Natural Feast restaurant, a health food delicatessen with a restaurant in the back. Usually, on weekends, they have live entertainment, and for a change, it's not an expensive natural food outlet.

Just next door is the Village Carré Saint-Louis Snackbar, a tiny little place with



colored television, steaming coffee and good cheeseburgers. There are always people sitting around there and it's welcoming.

Across the street from the Carré, at 3619 Saint-Denis, another coffee house, the Café Québécois, for fervent chess players.

Now, down St-Denis street, 3451, the O-Curry Samourai restaurant, with Japanese specials for a dollar or so. It has specials served with soup and tea for \$1.24.

Then, just below Sherbrooke, the Tourne Dos restaurant, with Spanish and French cuisine. They too have a nice cosy place and daily specials. You can always get a good crêpe for \$1.10.

Libations exotic or functional

The Latin-American El Barrio Latino is next on the journey. They serve daily specials from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., healthy paellas and all the rest. They have a very popular drinking corner, where you can sit and sip Sangria or just have a beer.

There are two large student coffee houses lower down, the Soma and the Picasso. They open around noon, and are just like any other café, with snacks and time to read and talk. Most of the places have terrasses in the summer.

The Saint-Malo even has a terrasse in the winter. It's an old-timer on the street and is still the best restaurant-bar combination. They have very special daily menus and delicious, generously garnish-

ed crêpes. The front part is for drinking, with windows to keep an eye on the street life. Up a few steps, in the back, is the restaurant. And for those who like it, they have a choice of home-made fruit or vegetable punches, liquid salads and natural juices.

There's another crêpe place, but only crêpe, on the other side of the street. It's very tiny and is called "Le Chouan". It's nice for a snack and a quiet chat, but it closes at 11 every night, except on Saturdays when it closes at midnight. It doesn't open at all on Sundays, like most restaurants on the street.

At the corner of Maisonneuve and St-Denis you will find the hang-out, the student kingdom, Chez Achille. It has a lot of space and a pleasant atmosphere,

and to top it all it has a liquor licence, which is real competition to the coffee houses. They serve good food, full meals for \$1.24 from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the week. From 3 to 7 there are all dressed pizzas for 60 cents, clubs with french-fries for \$1.24 and sandwiches. At night, the place is a student bar

Places such as the Mazot, the Swiss restaurant that is even open on Sundays and serves great food, La Pichollette, which has a great cook but a stiff bill, pizzerias and more ordinary restaurants appeal to everyone, student or not, poor or not, and they are places where it's quite definitely better to go for a meal than to sit and watch the world go by. They are still fun to know, and you will soon if you visit the area.

Carmel Dumas

Candle Making for Fun and Profit

Everyone knows the romanticism attached to candles. And many a dope-crazed hippie rates them high on his shopping list. Hydro strikes with ensuing black-outs bring them to the fore as the common man's ally.

If you're fed up with seeing great chunks of tastelessly betinselled wax selling for truly rip-off prices, yet like candles for whatever reason, read on.

Candle-making doesn't have to be one of those hobbies that, while they yield satisfaction, empty your pocketbook. While most books on the subject recommend a multitude of fancy materials (from molds to thermometers) at fancy prices, you can get by with a little ingenuity and the willingness to experiment, trial-and-error style. Of course you do have to by a few basics, and buying in bulk is cheaper than buying just enough to make a few candles at a time: for that reason, candle-making is an ideal group-activity, where a couple of friends can split costs and spend the day (or weekend) churning them out.

We've buttonholed such a group and give their tips. If you're a loner, you can buy small quantities and follow the same procedures.

Material to buy

All you really need to buy is wax, wick, and coloring if you want colored candles. Imperial Oil, 3400 St. Patrick (near Atwater), 934-0865, sells wax in bulk, 60 pounds for \$10.50, less than 18¢ a pound. You'll pay up to twice that per pound buying small amounts at Steinberg's. Imperial seems to be the only local refinery that sells wax, and they don't deliver, but presumably if you've got a group splitting the \$10.50, you can split cab fare as well. We're advised that if you want reasonably fat, long-burning candles that are fairly hard, which seems the most economical, buy wax with a melting point of 140-142 degrees. Parawax sold at Steinberg's and elsewhere will have a melting point of around 135 degrees, to which you'll probably have to add stearic acid (available at some pharmacies and at Tandy's, 1224 Drummond and 4610 Papineau - 65¢ at Tandy's) for added solidity. Imperial's wax comes at the 140-142 degree melting point, and you won't have to worry about adding anything.

The easiest kind of wick to use is one with a wire core, also available at Tandy's for 5¢ a foot, or \$3.95 for 100 yds. Unwired wick costs 59¢ for 10 yds, or 200 yds. for \$7.50.

Though you can use crayons for color,



it's messy and the results not very satisfactory. Again, Tandy's has color discs that are highly concentrated and last a long time at 55¢ each. They were expecting replenishment of their stock by this Friday. Though these discs can be bought slightly more cheaply elsewhere, apparently they don't last as long, so this seems to be the best bet.

That's all you have to buy. Now for ingenuity.

Material easily found

You can buy reusable metal molds for three to five dollars, but why bother, when you can get the same and even more interestingly shaped molds for free, by saving and scrounging cottage cheese containers, styrofoam coffee cups, both large and small, tubes from paper towels, plastic soap containers - in short, all those empties normally thrown away or left to languish under cafeteria tables. Tall milk containers are troublesome because of weak sides.

Apart from molds, you'll need something to melt the wax in - preferably as large a container as possible - gallon tins (or bigger) can be had from restaurants or back alleys, or you can use juice tins (large).

For the sake of your stove, and to help lessen the risk of fire, use a cookie sheet or other large metal sheet to put between the flame and the container for the wax. Keep a box of baking soda open and ready to throw on any flames that get out of hand.

Old pencils will do for stirring the wax, unless you have old knives whose fate isn't important.

Finally, a thin metal knitting needle or thick length of wire will do for making the hole for the wick.

It saves time on the day of candlemaking if you break up the wax with a hammer ahead of time, and make sure all your containers are clean and dry.

Preparing the wax

The very first thing to do is cover your working area with newspaper - floors, tables, etc.

Put the wax into the large melting containers, put them on the metal sheet over the flame, and melt the wax until it's a good pouring consistency. This can be tested by putting a drop on some newspaper - the wax should form a small bump. If the paper absorbs the melted wax, it's too hot, and if the wax forms great globs, it's too cold. We're told it takes a bit of practice to sense the right pouring temperature, but it's not so difficult that you should run out and buy a thermometer. Assuming that you want several different colors, pour the wax into intermediate containers for coloring. Since the color discs are so concentrated, don't go overboard. Scrape the tiniest sliver into the hot wax and mix (with a pencil or knife). Remember that the color darkens as the wax hardens, so even a color test, done by dropping successive drops on newspaper, will show a slightly lighter color than the finished product.

Molding the candles

Once you've achieved the right colors, the time has come to fill the molds - if the temperature is still good. If the wax has cooled too much, simply reheat - colors will stay intact.

Solid colors are of course the simplest, but you can achieve horizontal stripes, tilted layers, or what our friends call "drips" and "mush" even if you're a beginner.

Stripes (layers)

Pour in one color at a time, letting each layer sit until it's firm (if you want each of the colors distinct) - firm enough so that you can touch it and your finger won't go through, but not hard or else the candle will crack. If you want less distinct layers, pour sooner.

Tilted layers (round or square)

Simply put something underneath the mold to keep it tilted when you pour each layer in.

Drips

Pour clear (uncolored) wax into mold. Wait until there's a thin film on top; then scrape bits of dye(s) onto the top. With a hot knitting needle (or wire) poke through the top of the candle. The colors(s) will follow the needle. Too much dye will spoil the effect.

Mush

Mush is simply beaten wax that you can mold by hand. If you want to mold two or three-colored candles, put two or three different colored waxes into shallow foil pie plates. When a film is formed, beat the wax until the color lightens and no liquid is left (if there is any hot wax left, you'll burn yourself). Then mold as you will. You can mold the candle around the wick - or you can use "mush" to cover up a candle you don't like. Remember, when mixing colors, that red takes priority.

Cooling

You've decided on the design of the candle and it's sitting happily in its mold. Make sure it's thoroughly cool before you try to unmold it. Remember there's no such thing as it being too cool, but if you're impatient to see your creation, a general rule is that if it's no warmer than your hand, you can unmold it. You can speed up the cooling process by putting the mold in cold water (but not too cold or the candle will have a cracked surface) or refrigerator, but probably the easiest place is a cool window sill. Turn the mold periodically to ensure even cooling. Don't let any water get into the wax. Cooling will take several hours.

If all has gone well along the way, your candles should unmold easily. They pop out easily from plastic containers, or simply peel off a carton, or cut metal.

Finishing touches

Ditches or hollows on either end of the candle can be patched up by pouring a little hot wax in. To insert the wick, heat the knitting needle, or wire, and insert into candle, but don't press it. Remove the needle and pour out the hot wax in its path as you go. Repeat until the hole for the wick is the desired depth. Then insert the right length of wick. To help keep the wick centered, you can attach it to a pencil placed across the top of a container (with the candle inside the container). For final touch-ups, use a hot knife (if you're not lucky or solvent enough to have a blow-torch, available at Miracle Mart for \$8) and peel a sliver down each side.

For shiny candles, polish with a soft cloth or nylon stocking.

Our thanks to Jessica Pottier.

Learning to Appreciate Garbage

Mr. Nixon's old propensity for losing elections might well have shown itself again and largely because Republicans — traditionally the representatives of the landed classes — refused to soil their hands a little and look into the garbage pails of the Democratic party. So instead of sifting through wastebaskets of secret Democratic memoranda, White House tricksters decided to get smart and bug the Watergate Apartments and get caught. This, of course, raises the old question: Is there *really* a new Richard Nixon? The answer, of course, must come from wiser minds than ours so we'll get on with garbage.

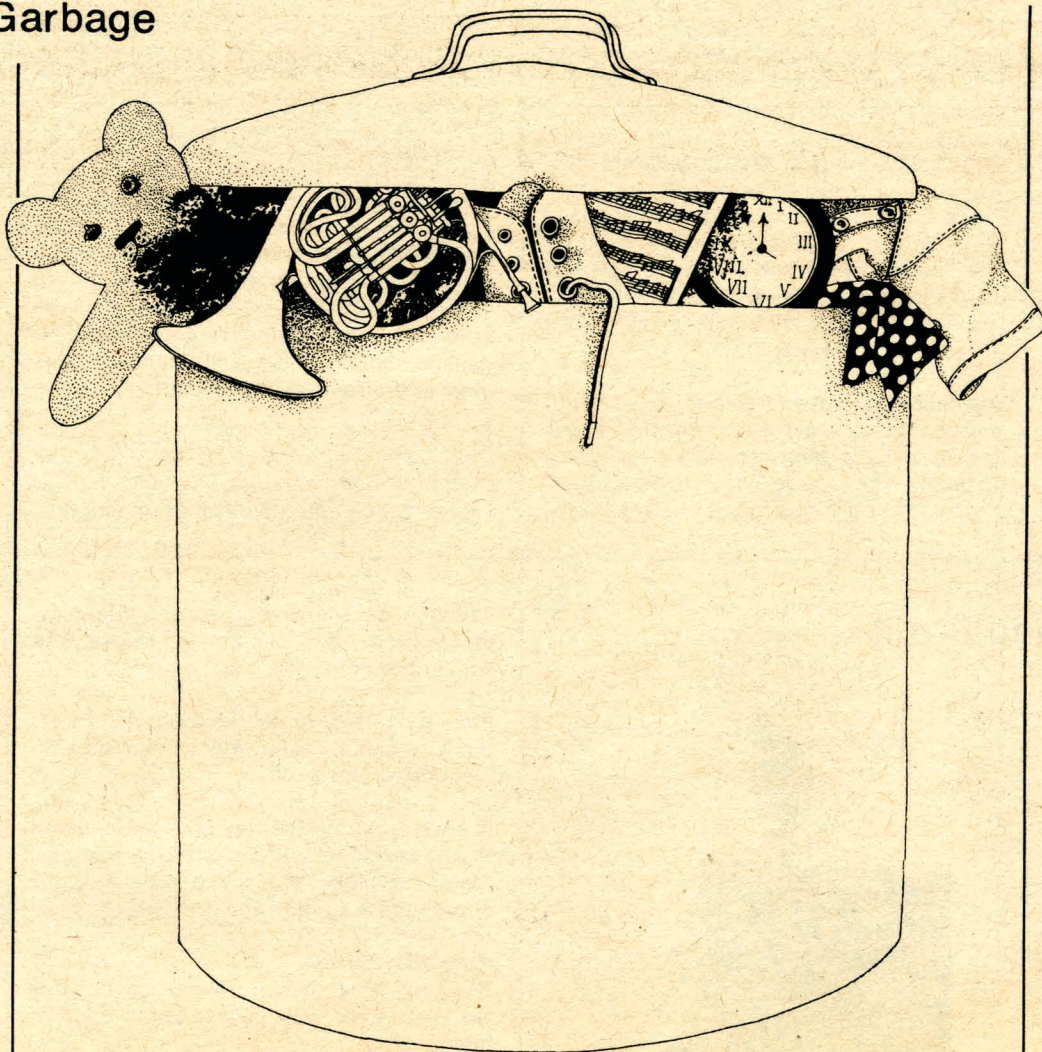
Like picture frames: a chance find behind one Sherbrooke Street gallery netted ten frames, all wood and in good shape, measuring about two and a half feet by four or thereabouts. One friend valued the lot at about \$150 and visits to several frame makers confirmed this. So the secret seems to center on checking when galleries are putting on new shows (often gallery owners like to re-frame new paintings, discarding the original frames) and checking the lanes along Sherbrooke on garbage collection days.

Cardboard tubes and spools

If your concerns are more basic, if you need walls before pictures, then there is the whole world of tubing that has turned many a 1 1/2 room bachelor into a four room suite. Strung together tubes can make really quite adequate walls; but stuffed with newsprint they can also provide good insulation from noise, if that happens to be a problem. And tube collecting begins on the Main, or rather in the lanes flanking St. Lawrence boulevard where a good deal of the material trade is carried on. And the cardboard tubing comes in a variety of sizes, in varying quantities. During the recent garbage strike, there was enough of the stuff lying around to turn the Hall Building into a log cabin.

Now that you're climbing the ladder leading up to the shaky plateau of bourgeois settled-inness, you'll be casting your eye around for the finer things. New construction sites offer many a fine thing, but the thin line between garbage picking and theft must never be crossed. Never. Never, because you'd never feel right looking a construction company president in the eye and never, because it's not the sort of thing *good* garbage pickers do. But there are good things to be picked up. Like coffee tables: much of the wiring (and here, of course, we're talking about construction in the later stages) comes off those neat little — they're not all that little, really — Northern Electric wooden spools. You rarely find new ones, because they're usually good for repeated use; but the odd tired one that's treaded many a lifeless building into life is often laid to rest. Sanded down (relatively quickly with a borrowed electric sander) it will provide a pretty good surface though not nearly good enough as a writing surface unless you're using a sharpened baseball bat for a writing instrument. But it's so rare these days that one can go to Ogilvy's, let alone those lesser establishments, to find something both wood and solid under seven or eight hundred dollars! Much of the lumber left around, we're told by an old construction hand, is carted off to the city dump, so don't be afraid to approach the foreman for scrap wood.

Besides good deals on coffee tables there is all the stuff left around that housed pedestrian walks around the construction sites and other facilities that were used



during the construction period, providing a good deal of lumber, useful to make the odd bench and table; and of course odd strands of wire to hang those picture frames.

Period pieces

Before all these architectural marvels go up, usually something much better and more interesting comes down. Before the Hall Building went up, there were two nice rows of Victorian houses, offering up to garbage collectors of the time fine bits of iron work and stained glass. And of course brick; brick, brick, brick. For all those brick collectors who wanted to build bookcases that collapsed as soon as they took their Webster off the shelf which immediately threw the whole works out of balance and all over the floor. (If Mr. Trudeau seriously wanted to create jobs, he would have started with brick bookcases, and the recent election result shows a nation's response to his neglect of this crucial area.)

Recent pickings have included the Prince of Wales Terrace Apartments, on Sherbrooke, just east of Peel where McGill's new Faculty of Management building is. This set of Victorian townhouses offered up fine classical columns, some interesting wood panel ornaments and door knobs. Now here again, much of the stuff is left around after the destruction people have done their handiwork, and this is stuff which seems legitimately up for grabs.

Incidentally, enough of those old china door knobs were lying around the destroyed Milton-Park area to provide the makings for a chess set which, if skillfully painted, could probably find a place in an upper-Westmount home for a hundred bucks or so, enough certainly to keep you and the roaches going for a while during the cold winter months.

The other thing is glass, some of which always mysteriously survives the onslaught of the demolition derby. And glass, fetching pretty ridiculous prices

as it did with our recent visit to Pascal's, is worth keeping around to shore up the cold winter seepages or just to to stuff in the frames. The point is simply that glass ain't cheap, and it's very necessary.

Plumber's treats

Other assorted bits of interest are plumbing accessories, often left to see their last days in the lonely desolation of a garbage (real trash) strewn back alley. These are often found (besides near demolition sites) in the older sections where the landlords of shaky tenements have been forced to improve the plumbing and cooking facilities. Old sinks can make tasty additions to photo dark-rooms, substituting quite nicely, thank-you, for the overpriced plastics found on the market. Older toilet fixtures lack the sterility of today's models and can make pretty decent vases for your burgeoning plant life. Or depending on your company, punch bowls.

For the person who's always dreamed of having a shower, there are immense possibilities offered, with old discarded bits of shower and piping accessories. Stoves, incidentally, are not to be fooled with, beyond providing you with additional trays for the oven or knobs for your broken switches, unless you really know what you're doing when it comes to gas fixtures.

Interesting things to watch for here, while we're on knobs, are the old china ones which you can use as door knobs or as replacements for the ones you have, boring you to death, on your sink at the moment.

Furniture is always a tricky business outside of the May and October harvests which usually provide the able-bodied with enough furniture in the way of sofas, chairs and bookcases to stuff a ten-room flat. But there is, we can say with some certainty, one rule: stay around the transient areas for off-season pickings. There are two reasons for this that immediately come to mind: One is that

some of the furniture in the the furnished places often renders the *furnished* part of things unmarketable because of a clumsy or uncaring tenant: leaving a sad landlord tossing the battered remains into the garbage. The other thing concerns the unfurnished place that has been vacated by a tenant who for one reason or another prefers to leave his stuff behind, with an angry janitor heaving the furniture out. You can often pinpoint when some furniture will be available simply by asking when apartments will be available for occupancy.

Garbage as learning tool

But let's leave the sordid business of crying landlords and angry janitors for the moment and return to Sherbrooke Street, not the boulevard of your dreams, perhaps, but a pathway of sorts to happiness. All those nice Victorian houses contain a variety of people doing a variety of things. In the block between Mackay and Bishop, for instance, there are bands of commercial artists churning out stuff which one can only presume wasn't commercial enough to be used and found its way to the garbage can. Some interesting illustration and graphic work is thrown out regularly enough for you to have a continually changing show in your living room; maybe not brassy enough to gain a gallery review in the *Star* but perfect for covering holes in your walls.

On one visit a friend picked up stacks of stationery, wastepaper baskets and magazines devoted to druggists providing tips on how to screw the unsuspecting customer. The great thing about garbage of course is not so much the material gain but what you learn from it. In fact one very good thing to do if you want to know more of how corporate society works is to pick up the Yellow Pages, and like the grating little creature tells you to do, let your fingers do the walking; pick out the organization you want to know more about, write down the address and then proceed to go through the corporate garbage.

A problem arises when the corporation in question is so big that it has its own building and its own garbage removal system. So this advice is largely preventative: look in the garbage now and you'll never let 'em get big.

Garbage consciousness

To be good at garbage picking, your mind must be consumed with garbage. One has to think garbage every step of the way. Garbage, garbage, garbage. A good garbage picker is open and proud, knowing that he can infuse new life into the rejects of others. His stride is bold and firm, not stumbling and furtive. He operates in the full light of day, lest he get his head cracked by a suspicious cop wielding a nightstick.

One final note on things to look out for. This concerns the aesthetic rather than the functional, though it might, we suppose, serve the two purposes. We refer to the fall of the church. The local church is closing up its doors and the disparate parishes are moving to more centralized locations, leaving the parasitic antique dealers clawing at the marble, the statues and woodwork. Their greed must be contained, the rejects of the church spared and shared.

Here we refer to stuff which in the church's estimation as well as the demolition company's estimation is not worth rescuing from the demolition ball. So our advice is simply this: if the church can't be saved then its remains should at least be shared, so watch for notices of church demolition.

The recently-published first volume of the report of the Commission to Study the Rationalisation of University Research has a rather pedantic title, *Quest for the Optimum*, but don't judge this book by its cover. Astute observations on Canadian universities lie within, and should be of interest not only to researchers, but to anyone involved with a university, including taxpayers.

The commission was given a mandate by the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada (AUCC) to "study the means of ensuring that research in the universities of Canada can be planned to serve both the advancement of knowledge and provincial, regional and national development". AUCC was concerned that governments were well into the process of determining research policies and universities' roles in them, but universities themselves hadn't given the matter much thought and needed a push.

The report first points out that the days of free and easy federal financing of university research are at an end. In addition, provincial governments are now highly concerned with research for three reasons: "First, when federal research grants grew rapidly in amounts, the fact that these grants did not cover many of the overhead costs of doing the research, threw these costs on to the university operating budgets which, by now, were almost entirely met by grants from the provincial government....Second, graduate studies in the universities always had a significant research component.... The costs of graduate work in the universities were rising at an alarming rate... Third, the provincial governments came to recognise that the responsibilities they had undertaken for regulating economic and social life in the provinces called for research into the character of many of these issues...As a result...research... became a serious issue for Federal-provincial relations."

If universities are to have any part in discussing and making decisions on these issues, the commission thinks they'd better get busy right now and first establish their own objectives. Conflict of interests is a problem, and the report suggests that equilibrium will have to be reached, for example, between research and teaching: "The first priority for the university is its teaching. This should be axiomatic, not needing to be argued for. The need to argue for it does not arise because it is anywhere denied. It is rather that, in the hurly-burly of general university expansion and the excitement of new opportunities in research on easy money, it has been increasingly taken for granted. By their actions rather than by their words, too many are saying that the universities have always attended to teaching, that it is not an exacting function, and no doubt someone will continue to attend to it, while the energetic and forward-looking get on with the fascinating and difficult business of research." Though the report recognizes the importance of research, it offers the admonition that "Those who think that free research is vital to our welfare should make it their first concern to see that university teaching transmits the elements of the culture which has stimulated and protected that pursuit", pointing out that if undergraduate teaching is sacrificed for research (and graduate studies), universities will lose the public. Part of the teaching vs. research conflict centers around the distinction between what the report calls "frontier research" and "reflective inquiry". Frontier research is defined as "the digging up, the verifying and the assembling of what we know", an empirical, analytical activity. Reflective inquiry is a "reflecting on the known knowledge, including the latest reports from the frontier...reflecting on what is conceivably knowable, on hypotheses about man and his world" a broader, synthesizing pursuit. Authors Bonneau and Corry consider reflective inquiry essential to research, and even more so to good teaching, to dig most effectively with the tools of frontier research, and even more so to good teaching, but feel many universities don't give it its due.

"Partly for reasons of finance and prestige (and partly because the achievements of reflective inquiry are harder to assess) most universities have been induced to bias their policies on promotion and salary increases in favour of those members of the teaching staff whose activities in frontier research win substantial grants from external agencies, and produce published papers in the learned journals. These, it is thought, can be judged objectively while thinking and teaching cannot. As a result, nearly all university teachers and scholars want to be baptised in the



University research: the crunch has come

From the Report

Until social science can give demonstrations as convincing as mathematics and predict with the sureness of physics and chemistry, there must be many readings available on the truth. We argued earlier that it takes basic researchers, interested only in the truth, to keep research honest. This point has special application to the social sciences which face a great diversity of interests that will pay well for versions of the truth that suit them.

...universities, generally speaking, lack an explicit policy on research. Actually, they have had for many years an implicit general policy, to push research in the general areas which these three councils (federal funding agencies) support. The bias thus imparted to these areas of research influences strongly other aspects of university policy. The tail wags in gratitude, and the tail wags the whole dog in perceptible ways.

...members of university staffs have their own occupational disabilities in relation to forward planning. They shy away from long-range commitments in academic matters. Suspended judgment, a high virtue in its proper place, becomes a vice when it obstructs inescapable, practical decisions. Practical decisions cannot wait for the last shred of evidence and the last refinements of minute analysis, the last increments of which the law of diminishing returns makes almost worthless.

The haste to be first in the making of the atomic bomb led to duplication of projects which would have been a scandal in normal circumstances. Who will be bold enough to define the point where duplication in cancer research becomes undue?

There would be something very strange about institutions that honor truth, hold that today's truth is provisional, struggle to arouse the curiosity of students, and yet take no part in hunting for new knowledge....

name of research. Those engaged in social studies ...have called themselves social scientists, and have hustled (where they could) into empirical research...Even a teacher of classics preparing a lecture for tomorrow insists that he is engaged in research. (And well he may be as long as he is reading widely and thinking hard about the relationships of what he teaches with man and his world.)"

Many rush into frontier research who are incompetent at it, according to the report. But two birds could be killed with one stone if reflective inquiry had equal status with frontier research in terms of a salary and promotion policy. Better teaching would result from more reflective inquiry, and frontier research standards could be stiffened.

And a third problem could be solved as well: "The invidious distinction between first and second class citizens within a single university has a parallel distinction applying between universities - and for the same reasons. In universities in which it is strongly and generally maintained that staff members have to be in frontier research to be good teachers, the logic of the position requires them to believe that institutions which are not heavily in that venture must be second-rate." What's worse, "if some institutions are widely believed, on this logic, to be second rate, the belief, originally unjustified, tends to become true" - true because competent people avoid the place. The authors go on to say that in an effort to combat this, too many places "are offering PhD programs they are not equipped to mount, to the detriment of graduate work in the country as a whole."

An added boost for social sciences and humanities (which the commission sees as more properly engaged in reflective inquiry and chief victims of the mania for frontier research) would be the report's recommended grants for reflective inquiry, from the provincial governments as part of operating costs, as well as grants from the Canada Council in a proposed "program which would give greater emphasis to projects in relative inquiry".

AUCC was concerned that governments were well into the process of determining research policies and universities' roles in them, but universities themselves hadn't given the matter much thought and needed a push.

continued next page

Board of Governors: Conservatory si, tenure non!

The Board of Governors spent a lively session November 9 on the revised version of the proposed constitution for the Conservatory of Cinematographic Art. Paul Zimmerman raised three points: liability regarding any budget deficit needed clarification; he was opposed to tenure in this position - in business "we don't have any, and don't want any"; he was concerned about the relation of the Conservatory to the Board.

On budgetary matters, Dr. O'Brien noted that the Conservatory was subject to the Vice-Principal, Administration and Finance. Mr. Zimmerman felt that there was a lack of information about "the size of the chicken coop we're putting our chickens in", and the related need for fundraising. Dr. O'Brien noted that the Conservatory had been in existence for five years. It was now minimally viable. Expansion would depend on available funds. This constitution would aid the Conservatory in its search for funds.

Mr. Zimmerman then expressed doubts about the Conservatory's need, as stated, to purchase property. Film production was proving a very volatile investment. Dr. O'Brien said that property, if purchased, would be for storage and showing purposes. No purchase was imminent.

On the reference to "the founding director . . . shall hold tenure in the position of director", Dr. O'Brien said that the Conservatory was essentially the creation of one individual, and he was in any case likely to remain its director indefinitely.

John Hannan said the document seemed to him to contain the necessary built-in safeguards with regard to the university. He was, however, concerned about the right to create by-laws regarding membership and banking, and queried the need for a constitution. Professor Pinsky said the new document met his own previous reservations.

Joe Novak asked what would happen if tenure were not granted. Dr. O'Brien: "Nothing dramatic". On budget, he agreed that the Board was in fact assuming some responsibility for potential deficits, but no more than for the student associations. Professor Verschling said that he favoured some permanence because the position demanded great personal involvement and creativity.

Joe Novak felt there was no real difference from the positions of Dean of Students and Registrar; their holders did not get tenure.

Mr. Zimmerman, the Chancellor seconding, then moved an amendment deleting the reference to tenure.

Stephen Huza asked if the new constitution would change priorities regarding the use of H-110. The Principal said the present policy was still in effect, but there was a need to develop a satisfactory new university policy regarding film showings. He had been receiving an increasing number of external complaints.

The constitution, as amended, was approved by the Board.

Alex Duff announced that 367 undergraduate degrees and 86 graduate degrees would be awarded at Convocation.

The Operational Services Committee reported that: after review, the mandate and structure of the Food Service Policy Committee was found to be adequate to ensure efficient communication between users and management; the report of the Task Force on Study Space had been sent to the Principal with the recommendation that it be implemented as soon as possible, wherever feasible; an understanding had been reached with the students to avoid head-to-head competition in the sale of used books between the Day Students' Association and the Bookstore.

Dr. Smola reported that there has been an increase in on-campus recruiting. Fifty companies are arranging interviews.

The Board approved the new medals for creative expression in the Arts.

Part-time faculty represent more than one-third of the teaching staff yet they have, to my knowledge, no say whatsoever in the decision-making processes of the university at any level. The proposed reorganization offers an excellent opportunity to correct this representational gap.

**Jean Wright
Composition**

Jobs

PERSONNEL OFFICER: Recruitment, interviewing and selection of non-teaching personnel, participation in improvements of employee record systems, development of employee appraisal systems. Qualifications: previous experience in recruitment desirable, university graduate, fluency in English and French.

PERSONNEL ASSISTANT: To provide technical and clerical support in the day-to-day administration of benefit programs, salary plans and labour relations policy.

Qualifications: previous experience in benefits administration, high degree of accuracy in working with figures, ability to deal with all levels of staff and public, bilingualism required.

SECRETARY, SY-3, Computer Science Department: Shorthand and technical typing. French desirable but not essential.

Apply to: Mr. N. Gibault, Employment Office, Room 403, 1420 Sherbrooke St. W., 879-4521.

Letters

We received the following copy of Jean Wright's letter to the Secretary of the Board of Governors.

**Mr. W. Reay, Secretary
Board of Governors**

Dear Mr. Reay,
Following Assistant Registrar Bruce Smart's recent letter concerning staff representation on the new Board of Governors, I would like to point out that the same situation exists regarding part-time faculty.

report continued

How to decide on the kinds of research? The commission advises that "University research which fails to give some share of its attention to socio-economic objectives is being unscientific about its estimates of its own survival. Of course, if the interest of the university and its researchers is as crass as this, it will be self-defeating. Its interest has to arise out of a sense of sharing in the lively interests of the community, a lift of the spirit over what the community does well, sympathy and earnest thought for its distresses, and blunt criticism about what seems to be going wrong." A tall order, but what makes it even taller is having to deal with federal-provincial disputes over conflicting interests. The report cites Quebec as being one of the provinces that have declared their intent to direct research monies for the good of the province, and further advises that "the universities, in selecting their research objectives, will have to turn more of their research to matters which are of immediate interest to their provincial governments. This applies not only to the cultural matters such as, history, literature, and philosophy but also to matters relevant to industry and commerce."

As for funding disputes, the report recommends "that the federal granting agencies make payments to the universities designed to cover the indirect costs of the research they sponsor, including salaries, that, failing a federal-provincial agreement on an alternative figure, these be set at 45% of the amount of each grant, and paid as contributions to the general revenues of the universities" - this lightening the provincial burden.

But the authors are quick to point out that taking government priorities into consideration is to be tempered with the universities' own capabilities and objectives. On balancing freedom with the government's accountability to the taxpayer, they have this to say: "The university instinct, legitimate in itself, to allow each researcher to choose his research interests freely clashes with the governmental duty to account for expenditures of public money in something like specific terms. Some compromise between these two legitimate and competing interests must be found" - and the report contains detailed models of structures for this purpose. A similar balance must be striven for within the university: "If it would be wrong and unworkable, as we believe, for go-

vernments to be telling universities in detail what specific projects they would be supported in doing, it would be equally wrong and unworkable for universities, as corporate entities, to be telling members of their staffs what specific projects of research they must undertake. Staff members must share in the decisions on general areas and programs, and within these general areas and programs, each individual must select his own projects."

Another aspect of governmental pressure involves the distinction between basic and applied research. The report defines as basic research the asking of "original questions in the pursuit of new knowledge" (truth) and defines applied as that which "takes off from the existing stock of basic knowledge and seeks to make some practical use of it". It sees potential problems with government-funded applied research: "if the patron of a mission goes beyond determining the end, or selects an end not yet attainable in the present state of knowledge and tinkers with the design, sets a rigid time-table or interferes with the job to be done, there are risks of the impurities that the dedicated basic research worker fears." Shades of the Manhattan project. That observation, plus the fact that most university researchers prefer basic research, ("curiosity-oriented"), leads the commission to recommend that universities stick mainly to basic research, despite the recognition that student interest is becoming more and more problem-oriented.

The report cites governments' increasing desire to concentrate resources on fewer "centres of excellence" and notes wryly "The universities all speak favourably of such a development but with conviction that varies directly with their confidence in themselves as leading contenders. Not many, we think, realise how few of these centres there are likely to be." Very few, the authors believe, since such centres will have to demonstrate "established skills in effective team-work and interdisciplinary enterprise" with "main disciplines each represented by a roster of distinguished researchers". Since there will be so few, the report recommends careful planning on a national level, and suggests spreading out federal research facilities to be shared with universities across Canada. National coordination of library facilities is also recommended.

The coming concentration of resources is expected to force small universities to concentrate on teaching and reflective inquiry - perhaps an encouragement to the disgruntled undergraduate.

Brazil continued

embassies were to have set up shop in the new capital by September 1, this year, which would seem fair enough considering it's normal practice to have embassies in national capitals. The only hitch to the deal was that no quarters were ready for occupancy and in fact every mission and most mission personnel are currently being housed in temporary quarters. "But the government felt it was time for Brasilia to take its place as a capital city," Carter explains.

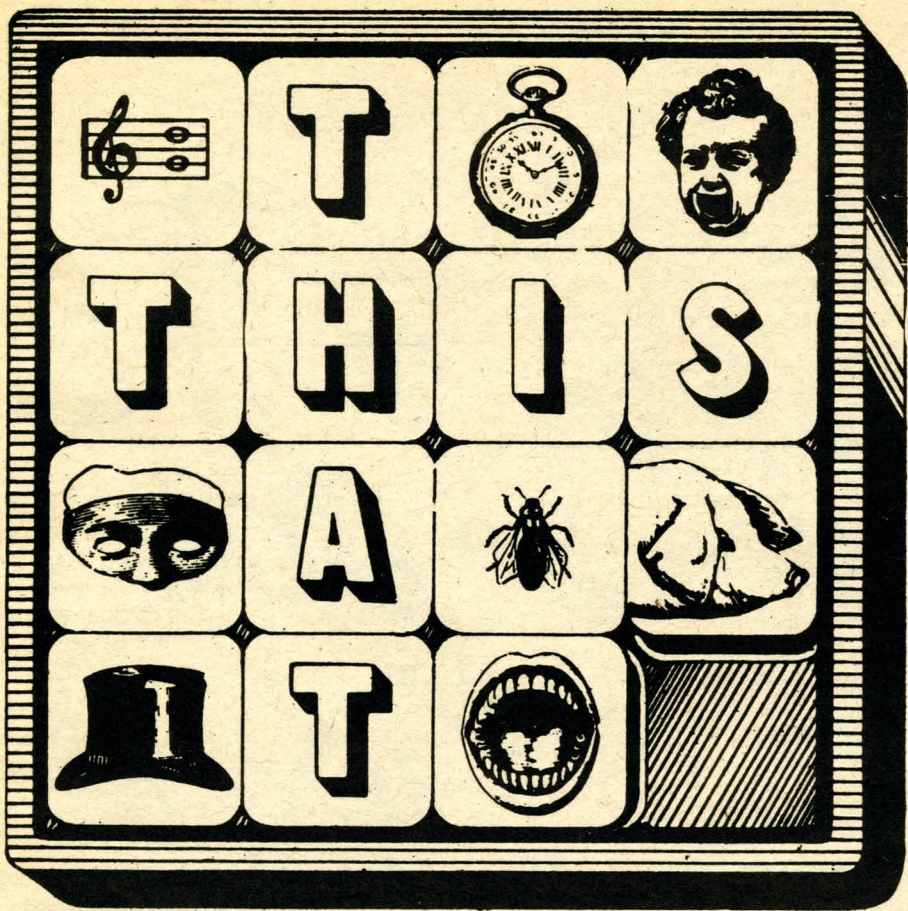
"My feeling is pretty well that if you were going to live in Brazil, it would be Rio or Sao Paulo and I gather people who live in Brasilia feel that way too." Many apparently try to have their cake and eat it too, commuting every two weeks or so to take in the cultural life that abounds in the coastal cities. Rio, Carter suggests, has what San Francisco, Mexico City and Montreal have in cosmopolitanism, rolled into one. And add to that the mountains and the pounding sea.

Rio Carter describes as a city of immense wealth, where the rich and poor leave a void for a rapidly expanding middle class. This is one of the reasons he feels that the military government is so popular: the situation allows for a rapidly growing middle class, increasing their standard of living thanks to (what he was told) an annual ten percent increase in the G.N.P., and many of the poor seeing some hope in sight.

"But something is certainly amiss," Carter says. "It's sufficient to say that among the educated there is a certain amount of hesitation to speak their mind unless they happen to be pro-government."

There are probably several North American philosophers who boycotted the congress because of the attitude of the government, Carter says, but then there would probably be many from North and South America who would boycott a conference in the United States because of Vietnam.

Rio, Carter suggests, has what San Francisco, Mexico City and Montreal have in cosmopolitanism, rolled into one.



Have a SIP

The first batch of Student Initiated Projects have been announced, and to nobody's surprise film is the big winner.

The \$10,000 fund from the University Council on Student Life is meant to encourage new activities by students; priority is given to projects benefitting the most students.

21 requests were received for \$14,500; 16 were granted, pruned down to \$6,000. The remaining \$4,000 will be given out early next year; the application deadline is January 15.

Biggest piece of the action goes to Mark Medicoff — \$1,467 for a film called "The Sounds of a Distant Drummer" which is meant to gain contributions from students interested in any aspect of the visual arts. While the project has been approved in principle, the SIP fund will only be good for the last drop when the sounds of a nearby typewriter produce an approved script.



Other film grants go to Joe Donohue — \$287 for a workshop for students who couldn't get into overcrowded filmmaking classes, and \$26 for a photo essay on the Laurentians; George Proussaefs — \$250 for a work encouraging people to vote; and \$250 to a group working with film-video-slides towards something called an electronic media debate.

Philosophy students get \$770 for their own journal; Jordan Berson gets \$395 to put together a poetry publication.

A group of Theatre Arts students receive \$450 to stage three free performances; \$265 goes to an organization called "Kash-tan" to bring in a Ukranian choir.

Groups involved with Commerce Week and the Montreal Marketing Management Congress each get \$250 to subsidize student attendance at these events.

Leslie Tyrell gets \$106 for a minimal sculpture; four Fine Arts students got \$86 for a Tensegrity tower in homage to Buckminster Fuller.

Money talks (and rocks)

Panel discussions on job possibilities and physical distribution, and a free performance by Montreal's heaviest rock group will highlight Commerce Open House this Friday.

CEGEP students will again throng to the mezzanine of the Hall Building starting at 12:30 p.m. for displays and academic advice.

The film "Introduction to Marketing" runs at 1 p.m. in H-110.

A discussion of employment opportunities for those with a Sir George B. Comm. will be held at 4 p.m. in H-420; on



hand will be alumni H. Fisher, Reader's Digest production manager; Rick Hahn, Sir George MBA student and rock group manager; T.O. Hecht, vice-president of Continental Pharmacy; along with professors and students.

The Georgian Marketing Society is running a seminar on "Physical Distribution

Sir Winston Churchill High School's Undulation, Sept. 6:

In the Montreal concert Jagger did not put the crowd through the full orgasm as he did in other cities. Jagger arouses the crowd sexually, and it reacts like a woman. Jagger is the man. If Jagger had put the crowd through the full orgasm the crowd would have been more satisfied — they would have gone super wild and may have been destructive as well. During his performance somebody threw a bottle at Jagger; it hit him but did not break. The heat did not affect Jagger is nearing thir-break...

Here it comes!

and its Effects on the Marketing Mix" at 1:45 p.m. in H-420 with Gene Peretz and Jacques Coté of C.P.R. and profs Bruce Mallen, V. Kirpalani and R. Sweitzer.

At 7:30 in the cafeteria beer is 3 for \$1 and Mahogany Rush, Montreal's perpetual memorial to Jimi Hendrix, plays free.

Commerce's cup runneth over into the following week featuring expensive Marshall McLuhan, cheap and cheerful Wackers, and more beer (see back page).

Numbers racket

Dean of Graduate Studies Stanley French has passed along the latest graduate standings.

Thirty-five Canadian universities offer graduate programs. In terms of total graduate enrolment, SGWU is in thirteenth place with 1,443 students.

Universities with a larger enrolment than Sir George are Alberta (2,740), British Columbia (2,650), Laval (2,356), Manitoba (2,016), McGill (3,239), McMaster (1,678), Montreal (6,163), Ottawa (2,833), Toronto (6,484), Waterloo (1,506), Western Ontario (1,822), and York (1,770).

In Canada as a whole for 1972-73, full-time graduate enrolment decreased by 2.4%, while part-time enrolment increased 7.1%.

Just friends

The ombudsmen wish it to be known that they are still around to lend a helping hand.

The office was established last year to resolve problems not settled through existing university channels, or those which simply don't fit existing procedures. Confidentiality is guaranteed and the aim is quick recommendations.



Anyone working or studying at the university can apply on any matter of concern by reaching secretary Mrs. Irene Thatcher between 1 and 5 p.m. at 879-7343.

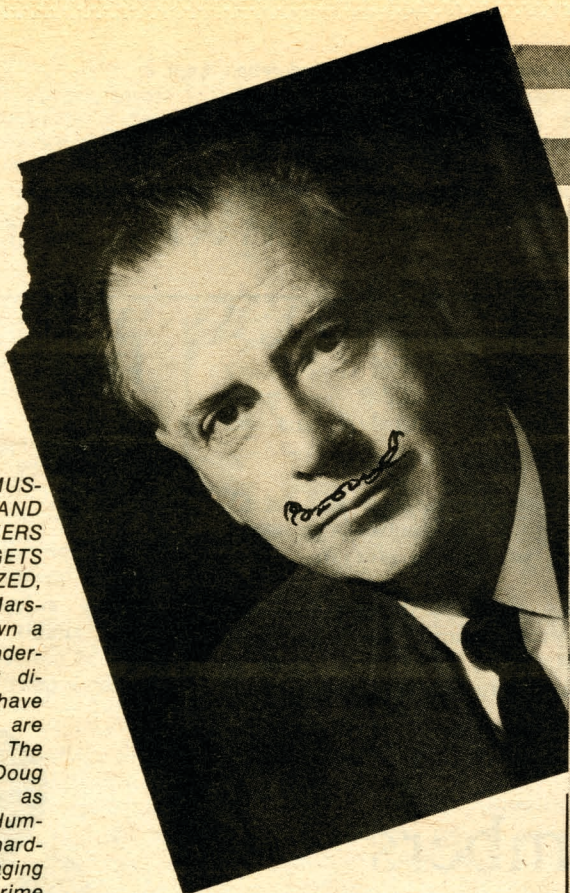
Ombudsmen are Mary Brian, associate professor of mathematics, and John L. Harrison, professor of education; a third appointment has yet to be made.

COMMON MARKET



THE GREAT DEBATE BEGINS

STOP FOOLING WITH MUSTACHES, HARRY, AND MARSHALL THE WACKERS BEFORE BOGEY GETS AFRO - AMERICANIZED, WILL YA! Remember Marshall McLuhan? He's grown a mustache (skillfully rendered by our assistant art director) since you may have last caught him. Both are coming soon, along with The Wackers (the group Doug Pringle says should be as famous as the Beatles), Humphrey Bogart (as a hard-jawed newspaper managing editor wrestling with a crime scoop) and the Afro-American Musical Heritage (formerly jazz duo Dwiki Mitchell and Willie Ruff).



THE WACKERS



SGWU THIS WEEK

Photos and notices of coming events should be in by Wednesday noon for Thursday publication (basement, 2145 Mackay) or call Maryse Perraud, 879-2823.

friday 10

COMMERCE FACULTY COUNCIL: Meeting at 9:30 a.m. in H-769.
SCIENCE FACULTY COUNCIL: Meeting at 2 p.m. in H-769.
KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: Thom Roberts at 1476 Crescent St., 9 p.m.
CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Le Viol d'une Jeune Fille Douce" (Gilles Carle, 1968) with Julie Lachapelle, Katherine Mousseau and Daniel Pilon at 7 p.m. (Engl. sub.); "I, Claudius, the Epic that Never Was" (B. Duncalf, 1937) with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Flora Robson and Emlyn Williams at 9 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.
GALLERY I: Comic art traditions in Canada (from the National Gallery) through Nov. 28.
WEISSMAN GALLERY: Charles Gagnon exhibition until Nov. 28.
ALUMNI ART GALLERY: Paintings by Marilyn Milburn, until Nov. 22.
EDUCATION & ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTS: Seminar on the application of a systematic approach to an electrical engineering course at 10:45 a.m. in H-1272.
ARTS FACULTY COUNCIL: Meeting at 2 p.m. in H-820.
COMMERCE OPEN HOUSE: Last of the red hot getting to know you's 12:30 through the night (see page 7).

saturday 11

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Cleopatra" (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, 1963) with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Rex Harrison at 8 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.
KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: See Friday.
GEORGIAN HELLENIC SOCIETY: Lady Fleming, widow of the discoverer of penicillin and recent prisoner in Greece, talks on her book "A Piece of Truth" at 2 p.m. in H-110.

sunday 12

CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Me and my Brother" (Robert Frank, 1968) with Allen Ginsberg at 5 p.m.; "Raven's End" (Bo Widerberg, 1963) with Tommy Berggren and May Storm at 7 p.m. (Swedish with Engl. sub.); "Lion's Love" (Agnes Varda, 1969) with Viva, Jerome Ragni, James Rado and Eddie Constantine at 9 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

monday 13

ARTS FACULTY COUNCIL: Meeting at 2 p.m. in H-820.
PHILOSOPHY CLUB: Presentation of a paper by Professor Ervin Laszlo, State University of New York, "What is Systems Philosophy?" at 2 p.m. in H-620.
COMMERCE WEEK: Starts with roller skate race at 1 p.m. on Crescent between Sherbrooke and de Maisonneuve (guy-girl teams; entry forms at N-025-6) with awards at 2 p.m. Birks Hall opening ceremonies; opening beer bash smash 7:30 p.m. at the Mustache, 1443 Closse.

tuesday 14

HEALTH CENTRE: "Sex and Communication", film with Drs. Beryl and Naom Chernick at 2:45 p.m. in H-920.
GEORGIAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Another look at Scripture at 4 p.m., 2050 Mackay St., room 303.
COMMERCE WEEK: Marshall McLuhan leads a management today & tomorrow seminar with Principal John O'Brien and Loyola's Father Patrick Malone 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. at the Windsor Hotel; \$4 for students, \$30 others (luncheon included).

wednesday 15

COMMERCE WEEK Sports Quorum with Als J.I. Albrecht, Bob Geary and two players, NHL statistician Ron Andrews, Russ Taylor and Dave Van Horne, Ted Blackman and a promised Grand Prix wrestler 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. at Norm Silver's Mustache for \$1.25, chicken dinner and a beer included.
SCIENCE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION: "Five Easy Pieces" with Jack Nicholson at 3:30 and 5:30 p.m. in H-110; 99¢

thursday 16

COMMERCE WEEK: Labatt tour with buses leaving Norris Building 1:30 returning 4:30 p.m.; 50¢
KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: Carson & Wheeler at 1476 Crescent St., 9 p.m.
CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "Deadline, U.S.A." (Richard Brooks, 1952) with Humphrey Bogart and Ethel Barrymore at 7 p.m.; "A High Wind in Jamaica" (Alexander Mackendrick, 1965) with Anthony Quinn and James Coburn at 9 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.
CANADIAN STUDIES: NFB series "Struggle for a Border"

with "Dangerous Decades (1818-1846)" at 5 p.m. in H-435.
DAY STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION: "The Afro-American Musical Heritage" jazz performance and lecture with the Mitchell-Ruff duo in H-110 at 1 p.m., free with ID.

friday 17

GEORGIAN FILM SOCIETY: "Performance" with Mick Jagger and James Fox at 7 and 9 p.m. in H-110; \$1.
KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: See Thursday.
ENGINEERING FACULTY COUNCIL: Meeting at 2:30 p.m. in H-769.

COMMERCE WEEK: Eight hours of film for 99¢ in H-110 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; "Prologue," with Abbie Hoffman, "Buttercup Chain," with Leigh Taylor-Young and Jane Asher, "Pursuit of Happiness," with Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey, "Loving," with George Segal and Eva Marie Saint, and "Bambole," with Virna Lisi and Gina Lollobrigida; ball with the Wackers at the Martinique, Guy and Dorchester, 8 p.m. - \$4 per couple.

saturday 18

KARMA COFFEE HOUSE: See Thursday.

sunday 19

MONTREAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: Rehearsal of Mozart's "Haffner Serenade" 10 a.m. - 1 p.m. in D.B. Clarke Theatre; tickets available week of Nov. 13 at information desk.
CONSERVATORY OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART: "The Bride Wore Black" (Truffaut, 1968) with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Claude Brialy and Claude Rich at 5 p.m.; "Mississippi Mermaid" (Truffaut, 1970) with Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Paul Belmondo at 7 p.m.; "Stolen Kisses" (Truffaut, 1969) with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig and Michael Lonsdale at 9 p.m. in H-110; 50¢ students, 75¢ non-students.

ISSUES & EVENTS

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